IT'S THE PICK OF THE POWER PACK!

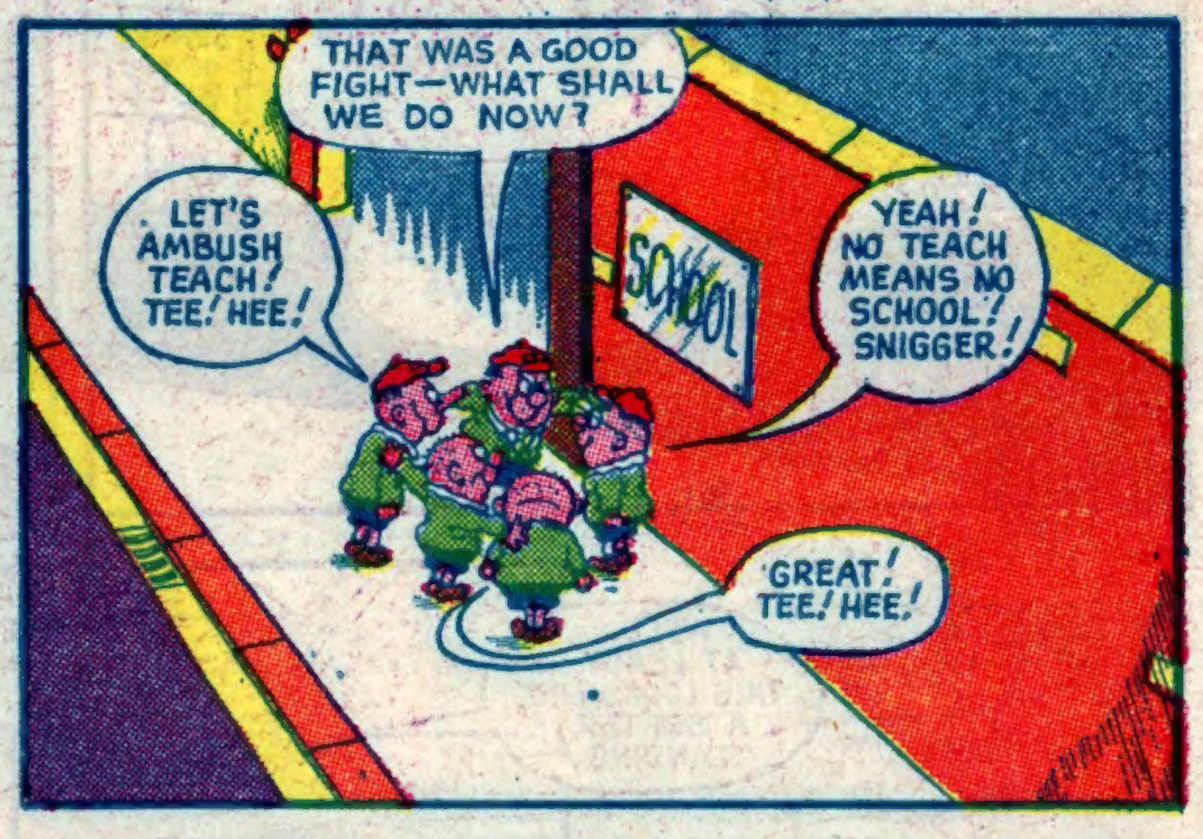
A POWER COMIC

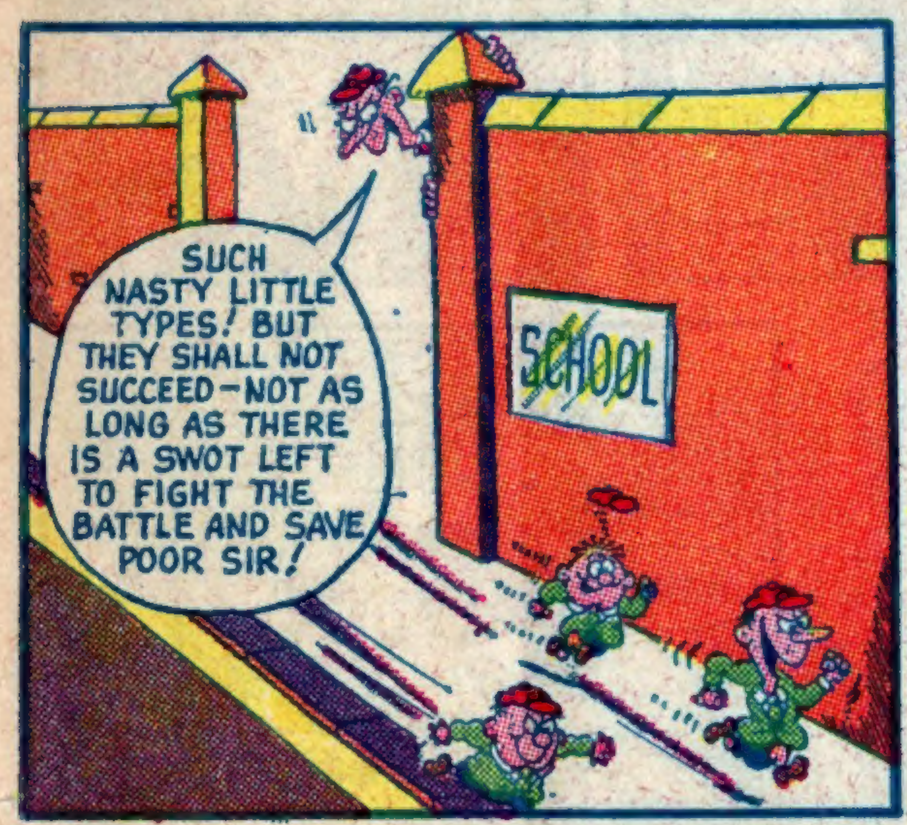
SMASH!

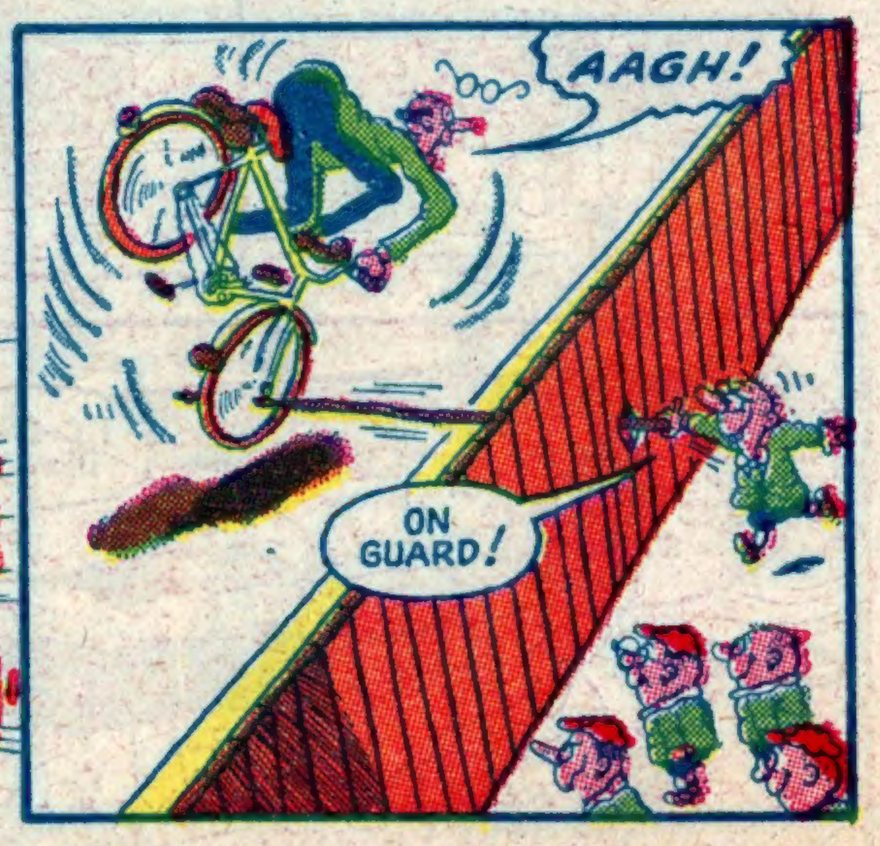
No.127
JULY 6th 1968
EVERY MONDAY
7d

AUSTRALIA 10c. EAST AFRICA 1.00 WEST AFRICA 10d. SOUTH AFRICA 10c. RHODESIA 1/- NEW ZEALAND 1/- (10c.)

THE SWOTS AND BLOTS!







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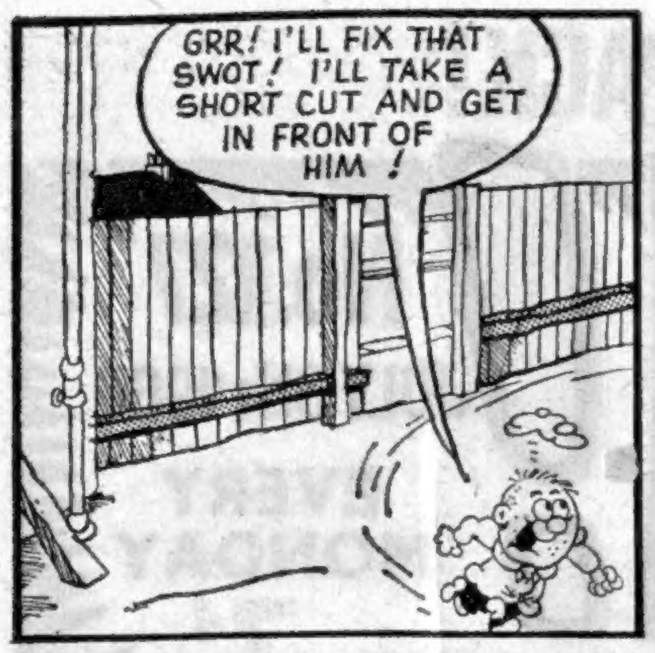
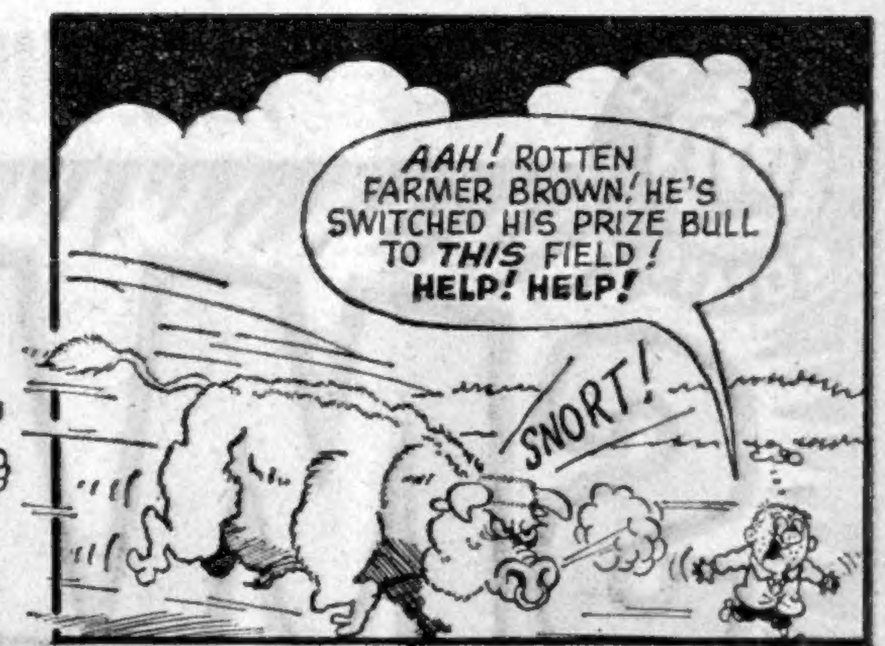

GRR! I'LL FIX THAT SWOT! I'LL TAKE A SHORT CUT AND GET IN FRONT OF HIM!

HEH! HEH! WON'T THAT TWERP GET A SURPRISE WHEN HE SEES ME!
ZOOM!

SNORT!

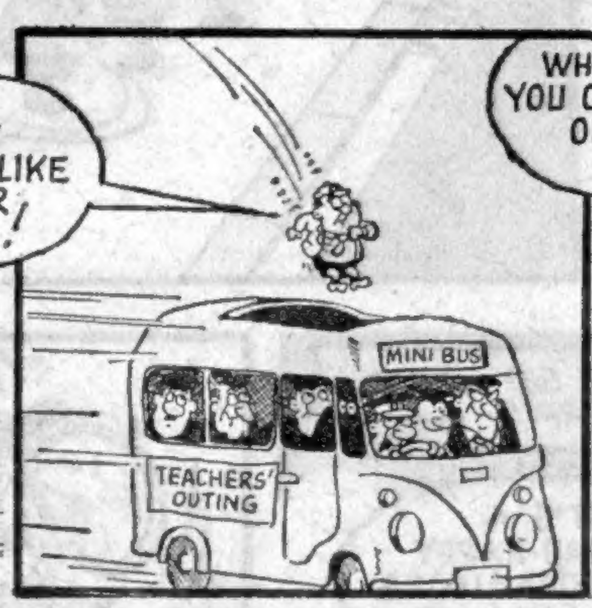

AAH! ROTTEN FARMER BROWN! HE'S SWITCHED HIS PRIZE BULL TO THIS FIELD! HELP! HELP!
SNORT!

TOSS!
BEWARE OF THE BULL!
NEVER ARGUE THE TOSS WITH A BULL— YOU ALWAYS LOSE!

AH! NO! MOVE OVER—QUICK MARCH— GET OUT OF THE WAY!
ZOOM!
BEWARE OF THE BULL!

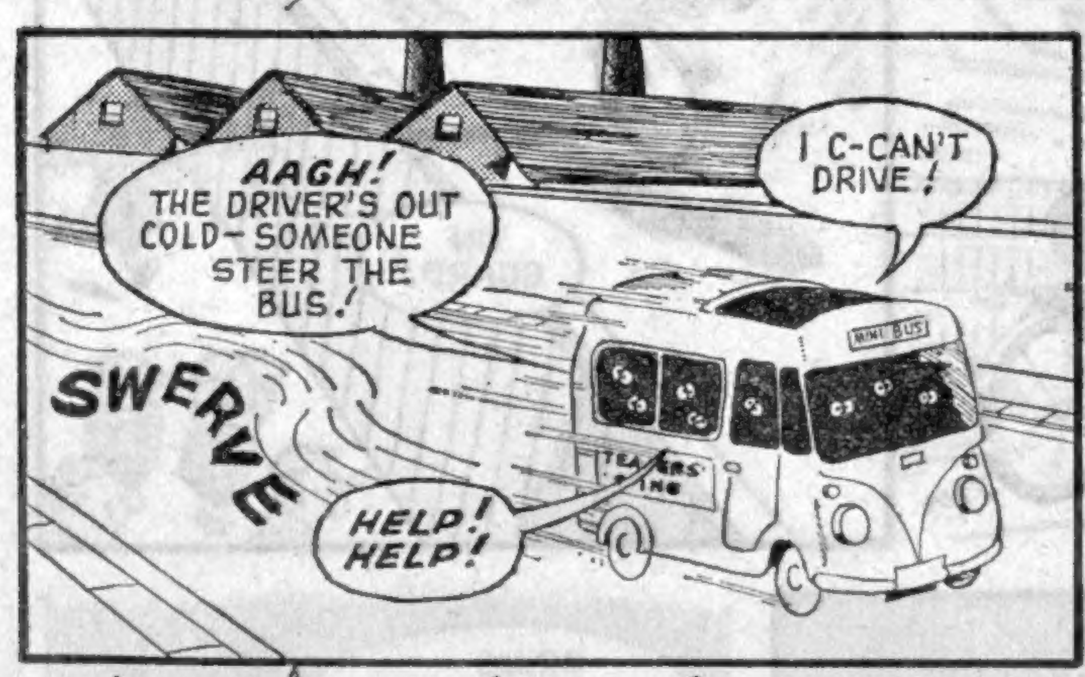
AIEE!!!!
FUNNY PLACE TO SIT DOWN! AAR! AAR!
STAB!

WELL, AT LEAST THIS LOOKS LIKE A SOFTER LANDING!
MINI BUS
TEACHERS' OUTING


MINI BUS
TEACHERS' OUTING

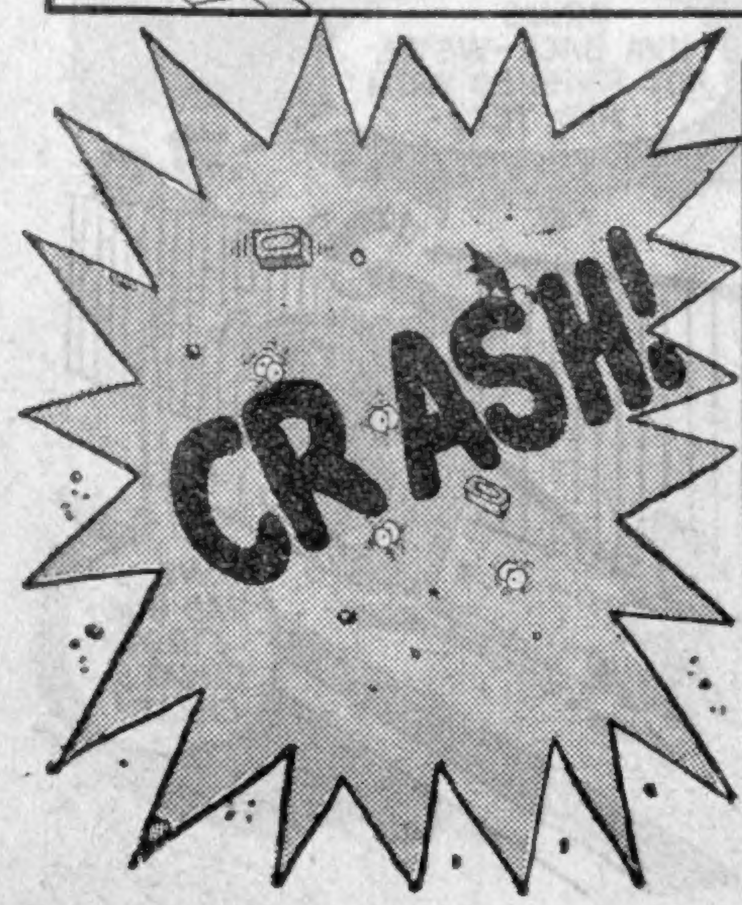
WHERE DID YOU COME FROM? OFF, BOY— OFF!
HERE WE GO AGAIN!

OH DEAR! NOW I'VE CLOBBERED THE DRIVER!
CLONK!
CLUMP!
SPLAT!


AAGH! THE DRIVER'S OUT COLD—SOMEONE STEER THE BUS!
I C-CAN'T DRIVE!
SWERVE
HELP! HELP!
MINI BUS

YAHOO! I MADE IT— I GOT TEACH HERE SAFELY!

HELP!
HELP!
MINI BUS
S-C-R-E-E-C-H-!
SUFFERING SCHOOL-MASTERS—WH—WHERE DID THAT COME FROM?


CRASH!

MY BUS! IT'LL TAKE ALL DAY TO GET IT FIXED UP SO THAT IT'LL GO AGAIN!
STAGGER

WE'VE GOT TIME ON OUR HANDS NOW—WE'LL HELP YOUR TEACHER OUT FOR A WHILE!
HO! HO! THE TWERPS TRIED TO GET RID OF SIR AND NOW WE'VE GOT EXTRA TEACHERS!
PAY ATTENTION, LAD!
RIGHT! WE'LL START WITH SOME REALLY HARD SUMS!
GRR! WAIT TILL WE GET YOU OUTSIDE!
ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN, BILLY!

BRIAN'S BRAIN

STRANGE THINGS ARE HAPPENING TO BRIAN KINGSLEY AND HIS FRIEND DUFFY ROLLS AS THEY MAKE THEIR WAY TO TREGARVON, IN CORNWALL, TO SPEND A HOLIDAY AT THE HOME OF DUFFY'S AUNT. AFTER BEING BOMBED BY AN OLD-FASHIONED GERMAN AIRCRAFT THE BOYS ARE CAPTURED BY SOLDIERS WEARING BRITISH UNIFORMS OF THE FIRST WORLD WAR. THE BOYS ESCAPE, BUT AS BRIAN SEARCHES FOR HIS WONDERFUL ARTIFICIAL BRAIN THEY ARE SEEN.

BRIAN! THE SOLDIERS WHO CAPTURED US BEFORE HAVE SEEN US AGAIN!

BUT AT LEAST WE'VE FOUND THE BRAIN, AND IT'S UNHARMED.

THEY'RE GAINING ON US!

MAKE FOR THAT TRUCK, DUFFY!

THE BOYS CLAMBER INTO THE OLD-FASHIONED TRUCK.

THIS THING MUST BE MORE THAN FIFTY YEARS OLD. WE DON'T KNOW TO START IT LET ALONE DRIVE IT.

I'M HOPING THE BRAIN WILL HELP US.

THE BRAIN BEGINS TO GLOW AND BRIAN FINDS HIS HANDS SUDDENLY CONFIDENT UPON THE ANCIENT CONTROLS.

THE BRAIN IS HELPING ME. I CAN FEEL IT GUIDING MY HANDS.

HURRY! THEY ARE ALMOST ON US!

THE OLD TRUCK SPLUTTERS INTO LIFE AND MOVES OFF.

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND HOW AN ANCIENT THING LIKE THIS COULD HAVE A SELF-STARTER! BUT WE'RE OFF!

THE OFFICER IN CHARGE OF THE TROOPS MAKES A DESPERATE LEAP.

DO SOMETHING, DUFFY!

DUFFY DOES SOMETHING.

LEAVE US ALONE!

AAAGH!

THE TRUCK TRUNDLES ON.
WE'RE HARDLY GAINING ON THEM. CAN'T YOU GO ANY FASTER, BRIAN?
NO. THIS IS AS FAST AS I DARE GO ACROSS THIS BUMPY FIELD.

BUT THE GAP BETWEEN THE TRUCK AND THE PURSUING SOLDIERS SLOWLY OPENS UNTIL THEY ARE LEFT FAR BEHIND.
THEY'VE GIVEN UP THE CHASE AND ARE TURNING BACK.
JUST AS WELL, BECAUSE WE SHAN'T BE ABLE TO DRIVE THROUGH THAT HEDGE AHEAD OF US.

BRIAN HALTS AT THE HEDGE.
WE'LL BE ABLE TO GET THROUGH THE HEDGE AND THEN WE'LL HAVE TO MAKE OUR WAY TO TREGARVON ON FOOT.
IT SHOULDN'T TAKE US LONG. IT'S ONLY A MILE OR SO FROM HERE.

THEY SCRAMBLE THROUGH THE HEDGE AND SET OFF
THAT GERMAN BOMBER PLANE. THOSE FIRST WORLD WAR BRITISH SOLDIERS. WHAT DO YOU THINK IS GOING ON, BRIAN?
I DON'T KNOW. BUT THE FIRST THING WE MUST DO WHEN WE REACH TREGARVON IS WARN THE AUTHORITIES.

TREGARVON COMES INTO SIGHT WITHOUT THE BOYS PASSING OR SEEING ANOTHER LIVING SOUL.
THERE IT IS, BRIAN. THAT'S TREGARVON.
I WONDER WHAT WE'LL FIND DOWN THERE.

THEY HURRY DOWN THE WINDING ROAD AND INTO THE LITTLE VILLAGE.
THERE'S A POLICEMAN.
GOOD! HE'LL KNOW WHAT TO DO ABOUT ALL THESE MYSTERIOUS THINGS THAT HAVE BEEN HAPPENING TO US.

EXCITEDLY THE BOYS BLURT OUT THEIR STRANGE STORY.
A GERMAN PLANE FROM THE FIRST WORLD WAR, YOU SAY?
THAT'S RIGHT, SIR! AND THEN WE SAW SOME BRITISH SOLDIERS WEARING FIRST WORLD WAR UNIFORMS.
THEY CAPTURED US BUT WE MANAGED TO ESCAPE.

YOU BOYS HAVE BEEN READING TOO MANY ADVENTURE STORIES AND WATCHING TOO MUCH TELEVISION. THIS IS 1968 NOT 1914.
BUT— BUT...

THE POLICEMAN WILL NOT LISTEN TO ANY MORE, SO RELUCTANTLY THE BOYS MAKE THEIR WAY TO THE HOUSE OWNED BY DUFFY'S AUNT OLIVIA.
BUT WE DIDN'T IMAGINE IT. THOSE THINGS REALLY HAPPENED TO US.
WELL, I'M GOING TO TAKE THAT POLICEMAN'S ADVICE AND FORGET ALL ABOUT THE FIRST WORLD WAR.

THE DOOR OF THE HOUSE OPENS AND A MAN'S VOICE COMES FROM WITHIN.
COME IN, BOYS.
WHO IS THIS MAN, DUFFY?

NOT UNTIL THE BOYS HAVE ENTERED THE HOUSE AND THE DOOR HAS BEEN CLOSED DO THEY GET A GOOD VIEW OF THE MAN WHO HAS INVITED THEM INSIDE.
I DON'T KNOW. BUT HE'S WEARING A NAVAL UNIFORM FROM THE FIRST WORLD WAR!
WHAT LIES OVER THE THRESHOLD OF THIS HOUSE ?...COULD IT BE THE VERY THRESHOLD OF TIME ITSELF? WE DON'T PROMISE TO ANSWER EVERYTHING... BUT WE DO PROMISE ANOTHER CHAPTER OF SURPRISES— NEXT ISH!

news from the floor of 64!

64, LONG ACRE
LONDON W.C.2.

IT SEEMS THAT NOBODY'S LIKE THEY SEEM TO BE! And we don't just mean super-heroes and alter egoes and the like. People, we mean. Even garreteers (who can be so classified). Always revealing a surprising, sometimes unexpected side of themselves. Like AFFABLE ALF and his ear and talent for cool music. Like BIG BOLD BRASH BART precisionly holing in one. Like JOLLY J. J. JACKSON and his guns, KID KEN MENNELL and his farmyard.

And like OUR WISE OLD FELLER! Now we had him taped as nice and amiable and philosphopical and . . . well, MELLOW (a quality not unrare in the garret, especially around press-day time). But what happens? We find our kindly old ineffectual old philosopher CAN BLOW HIS TOP! Can rant and tear his hair and gnash his teeth just like a real editorialiser. And WHAT OR WHO caused this casting aside the veils of gentle tolerance and the like? READER JEFFREY MORGAN from Newport, Mon . . . that's who! All because OUR WISE OLD FELLER, having nothing else to do (as usual) happened to pick up JEFFREY'S LETTER . . . and read. . . . . " . . . your so-called 'Wise Old Feller' is inspired by the most brilliantly mysterious character ever spawned by the magnificent brain of STAN LEE, Irving Forbush! . . . Now don't get me wrong. I'm as impartial about wise old fellers as the next nut, but I think the time has come to start raising him from the level at which he is now stuck and make him funny or satirical or something. . . ."

Wellll !! When he touched down from 'hitting the ceiling' OUR WISE OLD FELLER was not philosophical, mild and tolerant AT ALL! In fact, he almost bulldozed us into saying to you, Jeffrey . . . . that HE doesn't care for the idea of him being inspired by ANYTHING OR ANYONE (we know what he means). That he LIKES being stuck on the level he's stuck on (if you see what WE mean) . . . and that he doesn't WANT to be funny or satirical . . or somesuch!

MEET TWENTY PROUD POWER-PACK PEOPLE . . .

Gary Downing, Middlesbrough, Tees-side; Alan Burns, Bolton, Lancs.; Martin Yates, Manchester 9, Lancs.; David Williams, Winchester, Hants.; Jagdev S. Hanspal, Harrow, Middx.; Kenneth Parsons, Bradford 4, Yorks.; Mark Waltham, Greenwich, London, S.E.10; Karim Eisa, Hampstead, London, N.W.3; Ian Smith, Winchester, Hants.; Mark Evans, Warley, Worcs.; Philip Thomas, Abergavenny, Mon.; Nigel Robinson, Preston, Lancs.; Gordon Bolam, High Wycombe, Bucks.; David Jaffa, Redbridge, Essex; Paul Stewart, Yorkshire; Alan Morton, Catford, S.E.6; John Humphreys, Harringay, Middx.; Andrew Preston, Pontesbury, Salop; John Staines, Stratford-upon-Avon; Stephen Mott, Woking, Surrey.

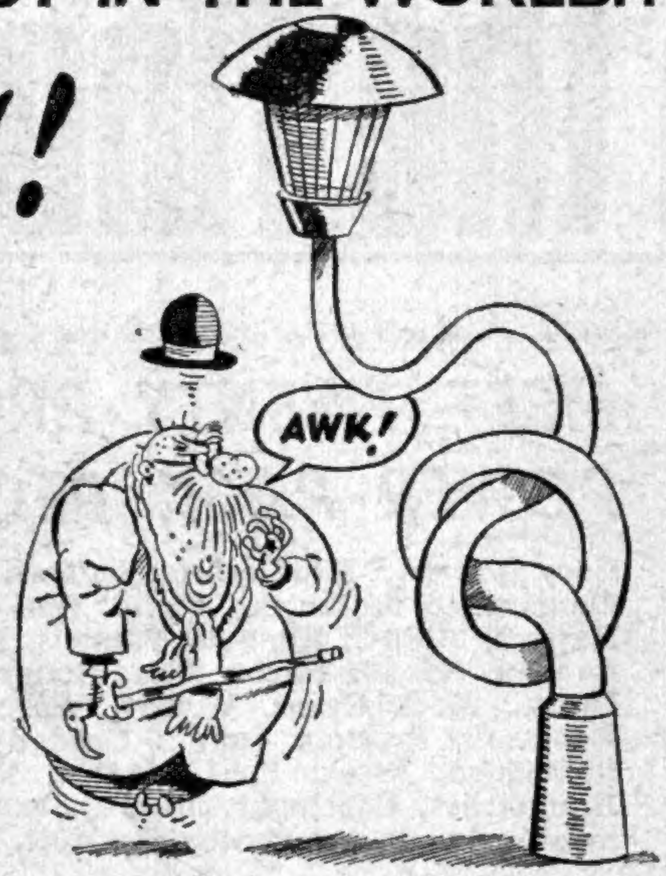
THE THINGS WE DO FOR POWER! Like writing, subbing and thinking our fingers to the bone! Like worrying all the time about printers and deadlines and about whether there's anything MORE we can do to please YOU TIGERS out there! And like CASANOVA COS darned near ruining his eyesight editorialising our SMASH and POW every week! Glad to say that COS is now back in the garret after sweating out his case of conjunctivitis (Cos NEVER does things by halves). But you see what we mean! The things we do, the risks we take, for Power! Mind you, it's true we get PAID for doing so . . . but surely NO-ONE believes that we Dedicated Ones are in the comics biz for the MONEY!!

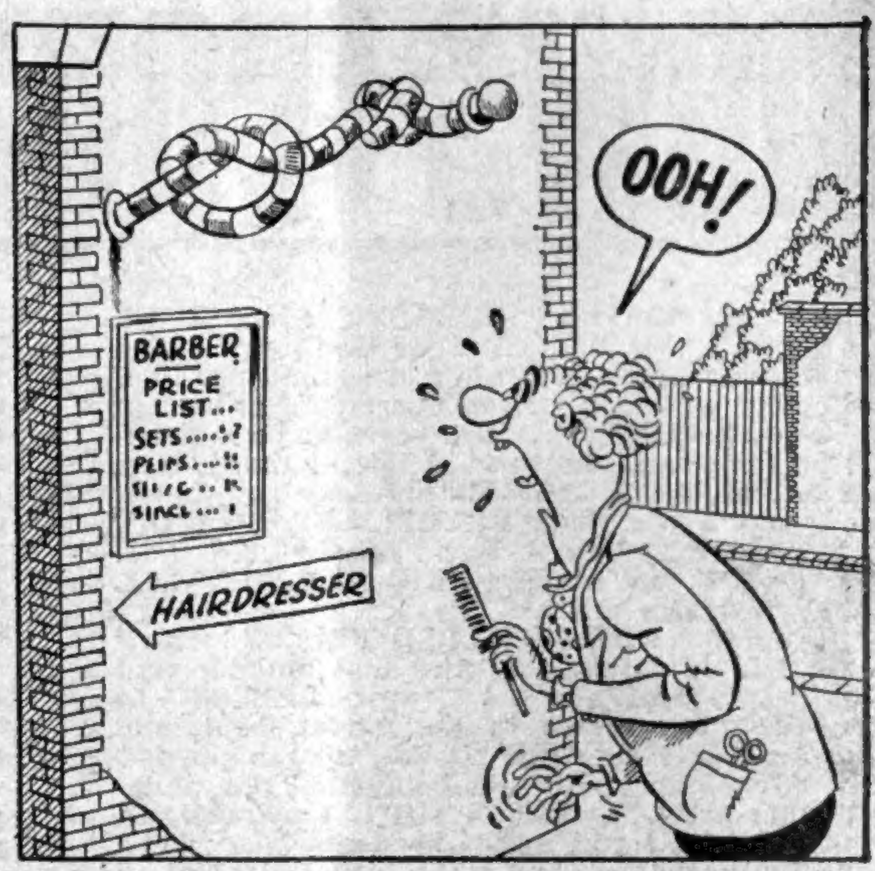
AND NOW TO LESS MERCENARY, MORE NOBLE THINGS THAN MONEY! . . . Let's take a look at WHO'S CLOBBERING WHO THIS WEEK! Starting with FANTASTIC, Doc Strange now finds himself matched against Nebulos (who comes from the NEVER-WORLD and you can guess what kind of world THAT is)! X-MEN are still battling the fiendish FACTOR THREE! THOR reaches the final round of his titanic tussle with THE HORDES OF PLUTO! THE AVENGERS continue to have a hot time trying to defeat THE LIVING LASER. Moving onto the HULK, well, we all KNOW his biggest enemy is HIMSELF, but he is also currently in trouble with THE LEGION OF THE LIVING LIGHTING. POW-wise, we find SPIDER-MAN launching out on a new fight-fest with THE CAT (a new baddie for your collectors of same). JANUS duels with THE ARTIST, and THE FANTASTIC FOUR are matched against the distinctly devious DRAGON-MAN! As for SMASH-based DAREDEVIL . . . having completed a truly MASSIVE maul-match against the OWL . . . now finds himself up against not one villian, but THREE! And, what's more, all the baddishness is concentrated into ONE Villian called THE TRI-MAN! And if YOU'RE confused, you should see DAREDEVIL! . . . in SMASH, this week!

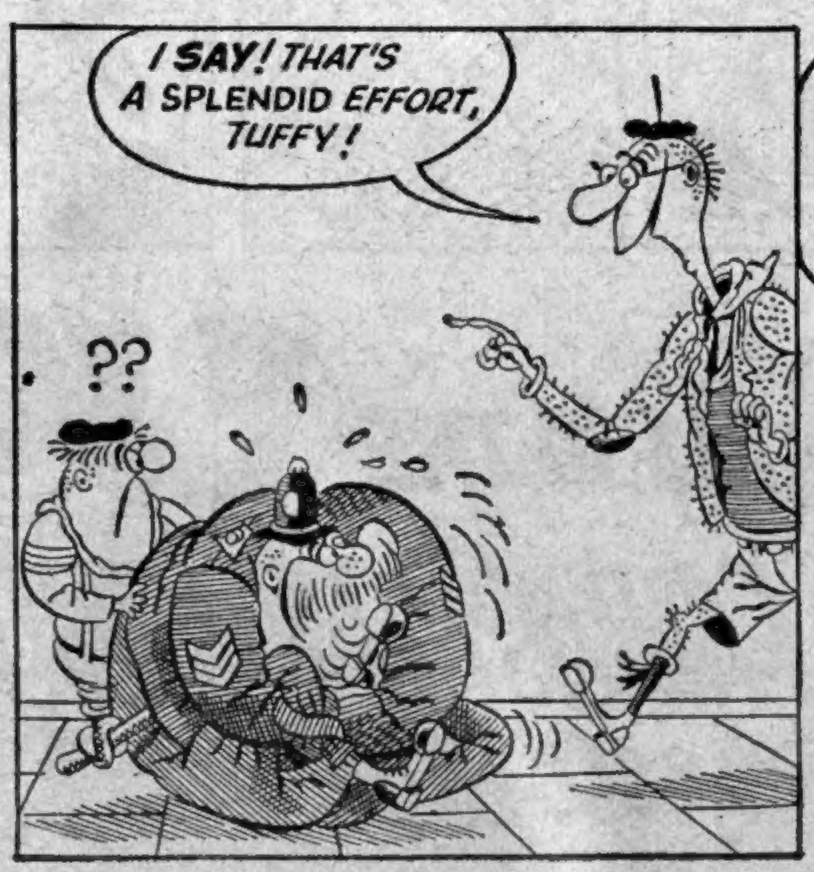
★ ★ ★

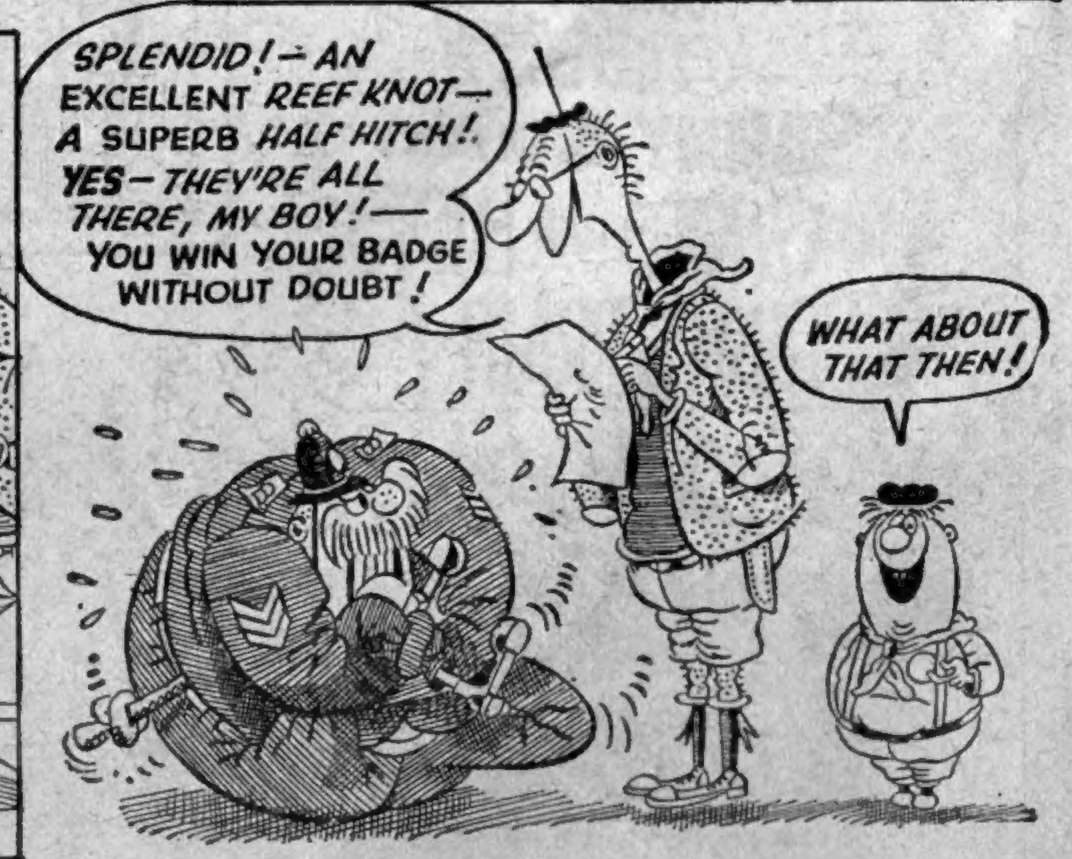
HE'S THE STRONGEST BOY IN THE WORLD...HE'S...

TUFFY McGREW!









DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

"THE TRI-MAN LIVES!"

I'VE DEFEATED THE OWL, AND RESCUED JUDGE LEWIS*... BUT THE DANGER ISN'T OVER YET!

I'VE STILL GOT TO GUIDE THIS MECHANICAL BIRD TO A SAFE LANDING... BY MEANS OF WEIGHT-SHIFTING AND BALANCE ALONE!

YOU DID IT, DAREDEVIL! WE'VE REACHED THE MAIN-LAND SAFELY!

WITH THE CONTROLS INOPERATIVE, I NEVER THOUGHT YOU COULD STEER THIS FLYING NIGHTMARE BY USING YOUR OWN BODY AS A RUDDER!

DAREDEVIL IS MAKING HIS ESCAPE FROM THE OWL'S ERUPTING VOLCANIC ISLAND, WITH JUDGE LEWIS, ABOARD A CRAZY TIN OWL WITH NO STEERING — CAN THEY MAKE IT? WELL, LET'S SEE...

* IT HAPPENED LAST ISH... AS IF YOU DIDN'T KNOW! ...STRAIGHTFORWARD ALF!

Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group 1966

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BUT, NO MATTER HOW *WISE* A WICKED OWL MAY BE, HE CANNOT PLAN *EVERYTHING!* FOR EXAMPLE, HE CANNOT GUESS THAT THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR *DOES* HAVE A WAY OF KNOWING...!

IT'S A *TIME BOMB!* WITH MY HYPER-KEEN *HEARING*, I KNOW THERE CAN BE *NO DOUBT!*

COULD GO OFF... AT ANY *SECOND!*

HAVE TO LAND... *AT ONCE*... NO MATTER *WHAT!*

SKRREEEE!

BUR-OOOM!

DAREDEVIL! WHAT *IS* IT? WHA.. WHAT *HAPPENED??*

WE HAD A *NARROW ESCAPE*, YOUR HONOUR! BUT, WE'RE *SAFE* NOW!

SOONER OR LATER I'LL MEET UP WITH THE *OWL* AGAIN... AND, WHEN I *DO*... HE WON'T ESCAPE A SECOND TIME!

DON'T *REPROACH* YOURSELF, MY BOY!

YOU *SAVED* MY LIFE... *BROKE UP* THE OWL'S GANG OF CUTTHROATS.. AND *DESTROYED* HIS HIDEOUT ISLAND!

YOU EVEN MANAGED TO FREE THAT COURAGEOUS BLIND LAWYER, *MATT MURDOCK!*

I HAD A MORE *SELFISH* MOTIVE IN DOING *THAT* THAN THE JUDGE *SUSPECTS!*

LATER, WE JOIN KAREN AT THE LAW OFFICES OF *NELSON AND MURDOCK*...

IT'S SO *GOOD* TO HAVE *MATT* BACK WITH US AGAIN!

MY LIFE SEEMS SO... STRANGELY *EMPTY*... WHEN HE'S GONE!

IF ONLY I KNEW THE ANSWER TO HIS FREQUENT *DIS-APPEAR-ANCES!*

ANY NEW DEVELOPMENTS IN THE CASE OF THE ESCAPED *RHINO*, FOGGY?

HE'S STILL AT LARGE, KAREN!

AND, I'VE HEARD THAT *SPIDER-MAN* IS ON HIS TRAIL RIGHT NOW!

I *STILL* CAN'T SEE WHY THAT BLOOD-THIRSTY FOOL BROKE OUT OF JAIL JUST AS I WAS PREPARING A WRIT OF *HABEAS CORPUS* FOR HIM!

BUT, LET'S *FORGET* ABOUT BUSINESS FOR A WHILE! HOW ABOUT *DINNER* WITH ME TONIGHT, KAREN?

I MIGHT AS *WELL!* I HAVEN'T HEARD FROM *MATT* SINCE HIS RETURN!

CERTAINLY, FOGGY!

I'LL BET SHE'D HAVE SAID THAT WITH A LOT MORE *EN-THUSIASM* IF MY NAME WAS *MATT MURDOCK!*

I HOPE HE'S *ALL RIGHT!* A SIGHTLESS MAN... ALL ALONE IN THE CITY...

OH! MR. NELSON... YOU'RE *LEAVING* NOW, I SEE!

HELLO THERE, MR. *FARNUM!* I WASN'T *EXPECTING* YOU!

NO, I DON'T WANT TO *IMPOSE* UPON YOU! IT CAN WAIT!

IS IT SOME-THING *IMPORTANT?*

I WAS JUST WONDERING IF YOU'VE HAD A CHANCE TO DRAW UP THOSE NEW *LEASES* FOR THIS BUILDING YET?

I'LL HAVE THEM IN A FEW DAYS, MR. FARNUM!
SINCE YOU'RE CONVERTING FROM RENTALS TO A COOPERATIVE PLAN, THERE ARE MANY MODIFICATIONS NEEDED!
I SEE! VERY WELL, NELSON... THERE'S NO RUSH! I JUST HAPPENED TO BE PASSING BY!
JUST PHONE ME WHEN YOU'RE READY!

FARNUM IS THE SORT OF CLIENT I LIKE! HE PAYS HIS BILLS PROMPTLY... DOESN'T RUSH US... AND HASN'T RAISED OUR RENT IN MONTHS!
I WISH WE HAD MORE LIKE HIM... CLIENTS WHO AREN'T DANGEROUS, UNPREDICTABLE SUPER-VILLAINS!
AND YET, ISN'T IT STRANGE HOW MATT SEEMS TO THRIVE ON THE MORE COLOURFUL CRIME CASES?

BUT, PERHAPS LOVELY KAREN PAGE WOULDN'T FIND IT SO STRANGE IF SHE COULD SEE THE SIGHTLESS, SOMEWHAT SHY MATT MURDOCK RIGHT NOW...!
I'VE COVERED MOST OF THE CITY IN THE PAST FEW HOURS!
WHEREVER THE OWL MAY BE HOLED-UP, I'M PRETTY SURE OF ONE THING...
HE'S NOWHERE IN THE VICINITY OF THIS CITY, MY RADAR-SENSE COULD HARDLY MISS HIS POWERFUL, BIRDLIKE EMANATIONS!
I'D BETTER FORGET HIM FOR A WHILE AND GET BACK TO THE OFFICE NOW!

AFTER THE HUMILIATING SETBACK I HANDED HIM, THE OWL MAY HEAD FOR PARTS UNKNOWN!
WHICH WOULDN'T EXACTLY BREAK MY FEARLESS LITTLE HEART ONE BIT!
IN FACT, I COULD USE A LITTLE PEACE AND QUIET TO CATCH UP ON MY OWN LAW WORK!
WHHH
TTTT
HHHITT

LUCKILY, THE GLADIATOR AND THE MASKED MARAUDER SEEM TO HAVE DROPPED OUT OF SIGHT, ALSO!
PERHAPS I'D BETTER START GOING A LITTLE EASIER ON THE VARIOUS COSTUMED CROOKS AROUND TOWN!
AFTER ALL... I WOULDN'T WANT TO PUT MYSELF CLEAN OUT OF BUSINESS!

BUT, I'VE A HUNCH THERE'LL ALWAYS BE SOMETHING TO OCCUPY A FELLA WITH MY OWN PARTICULAR TALENTS!
BEE-YUNG!

IT'S PRETTY HARD TO TRAVEL VIA BILLY-CLUB CABLE THIS WAY WITHOUT ATTRACTING A LITTLE ATTENTION!
BUT, IT'S STILL A LOT CHEAPER THAN TAKING A CAB... ...AND IT DOES KEEP ONE OUT IN THE FRESH AIR!
BTANNG!
SPECIAL NOTE FOR THOSE WHO MAY READ THIS STORY ALOUD: IN THE SOUND BTANNG, THE SECOND N IS SILENT!... SCRUPULOUS ALF.

NO NEED TO CHANGE OUT ON THE WINDOW LEDGE ... I CAN TELL THAT THE OFFICE IS *DESERTED!*

FOGGY AND KAREN BOTH MUST HAVE *LEFT!*

I WONDER IF THEY WENT OUT *TOGETHER?*

SWINGING AROUND THE CITY *ALONE*, HOUR AFTER HOUR, A MAN HAS LOTS OF TIME TO *THINK* THINGS OUT...

AND I'VE FINALLY *DECIDED* WHAT TO DO ABOUT KAREN! I CAN'T KEEP MY *FEELINGS* FOR HER A *SECRET* ANY LONGER!

FOR BETTER OR FOR WORSE ... EVEN THOUGH I'M DESTINED TO LIVE OUT MY LIFE IN UNRELIEVED *DARKNESS* ... I'VE *GOT* TO DECLARE MY *LOVE* FOR HER!

ALL I NEED DO IS WAIT FOR THE RIGHT *PLACE* ... THE RIGHT *TIME!!*

AND, SPEAKING OF *PLACES*, LET'S VISIT THE ONE WHERE THE *GLADIATOR* AND THE *MASKED MARAUDER* ARE HOLED UP!

WITH THE *MAGGIA* NOW LEADERLESS ... THIS IS *OUR* CHANCE TO TAKE IT *OVER!*

WE'LL BECOME RULERS OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST *CRIME CARTEL!*

OKAY, MARAUDER ... SO WE'RE PRETTY BIG PUMPKINS IN OUR OWN YARD!

WHAT'S GONNA MAKE ALL THOSE *FOREIGN* JOES DECIDE TO PUT *US* IN CHARGE OF THEIR WORLD-WIDE OPERATION?

YOU MAY RELY UPON *BRUTE STRENGTH* ALONE, MY FRIEND...

BUT, NEVER DISCOUNT THE *PLANNING GENIUS* OF THE *MASKED MARAUDER!*

REMEMBER THE WONDROUS *LEVITATION RAY* I HAVE DEVELOPED?

YEAH.. SURE! WHAT *ABOUT* IT?

WE SHALL USE IT ... TO CAPTURE *DAREDEVIL!*

BUT WHAT ABOUT THE *MAGGIA?*

DON'T YOU *SEE?* OUR CAPTURE, AND SUBSEQUENT *DEFEAT* OF THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR WILL MAKE US THE MOST *FAMOUS* CRIMINALS IN THE HEMISPHERE!

WHEN THE TIME COMES TO PICK THEIR NEW *LEADER*, THEY WILL *HAVE* TO CHOOSE THE ONES WHO BESTED *DAREDEVIL!*

FOLLOW ME! I'LL EXPLAIN AS WE GO!

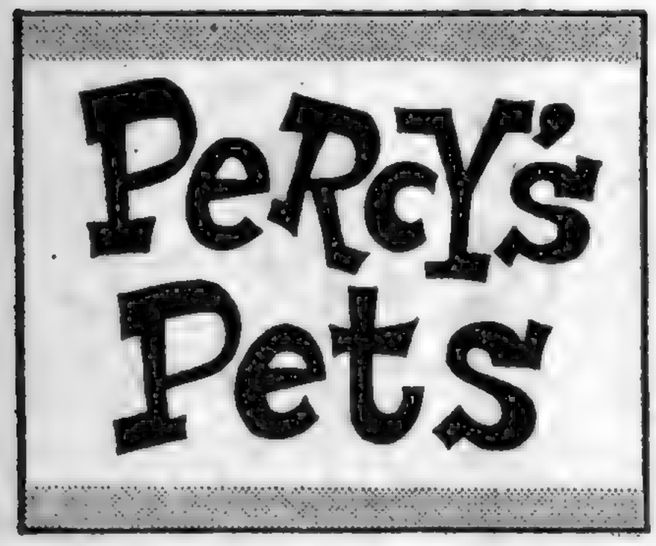
OKAY, MASKED MAN ... KEEP TALKING!

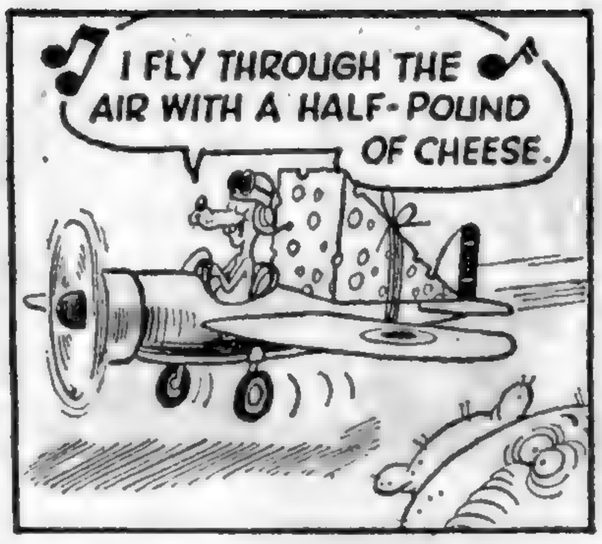
HERE, WITHIN THIS LONELY *POWER PLANT*, A SPECIAL TYPE OF *ANDROID* HAS BEEN CONSTRUCTED, TO MY EXACT SPECIFICATIONS!

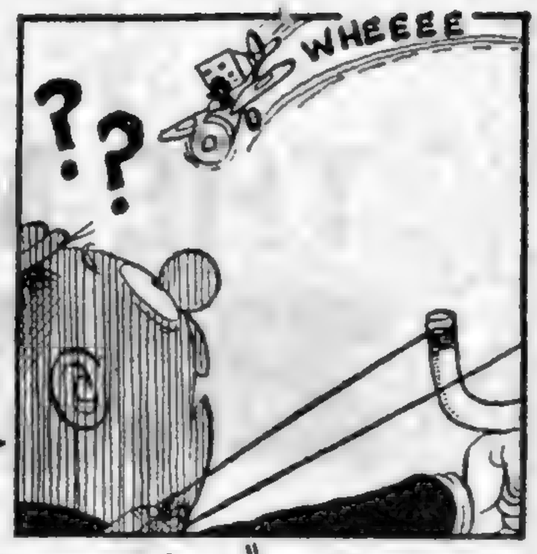
COME *OFF* IT, MARAUDER! THAT STUFF WENT OUT WITH THE *BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN!*

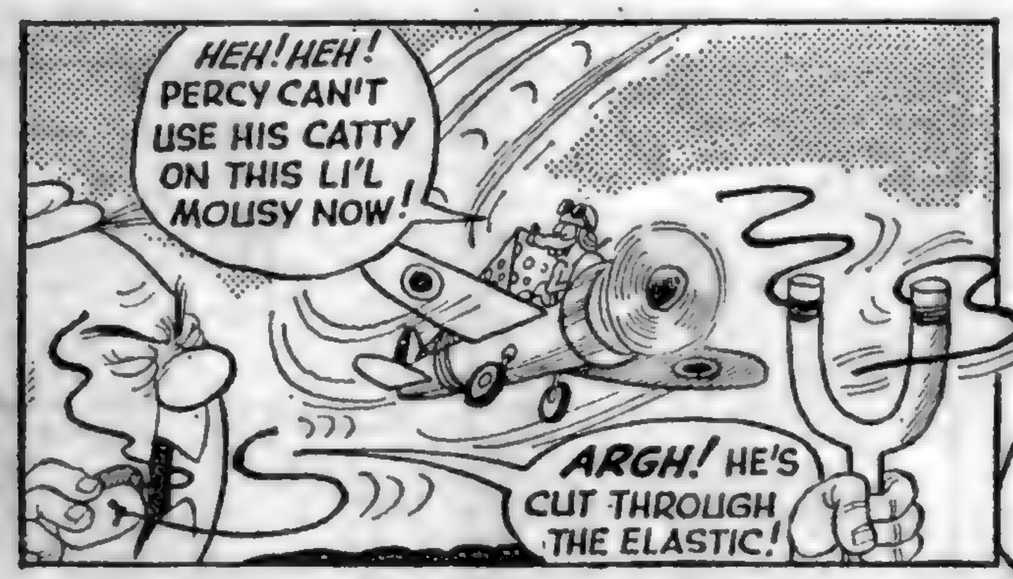
DO NOT *SCOFF* AT MY PLAN UNTIL YOU *SEE* WHAT I HAVE TO SHOW YOU! IT IS RIGHT THROUGH THIS DOOR ..!

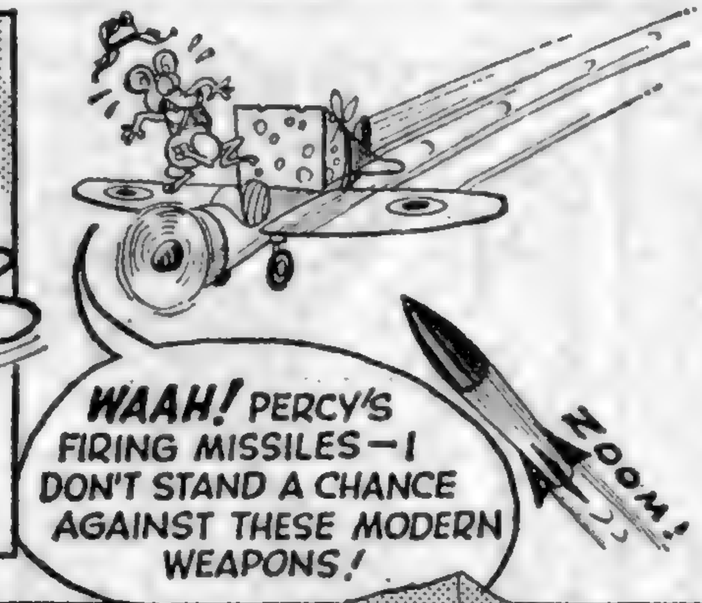
THIS SEEMS AS GOOD A PLACE AS ANY TO LEAVE ALL YOU FRANTIC ONES IN SUSPENSE UNTIL **NEXT ISH!**

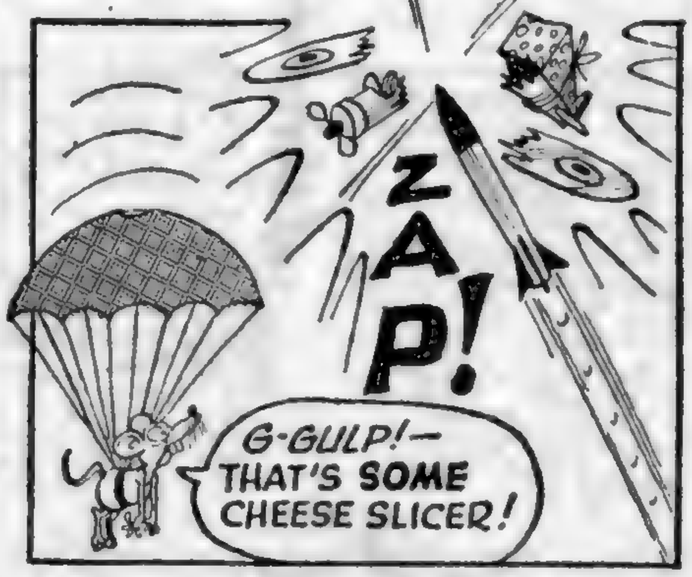


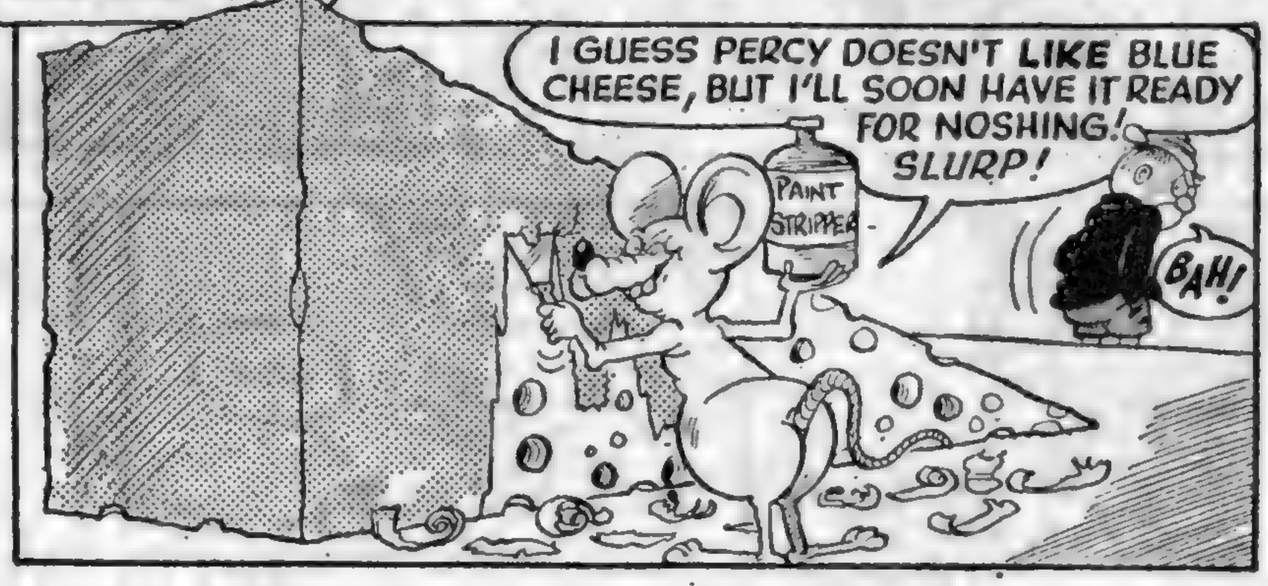












MEET . . . Mister Knowall

He knows everything there is to know about everything—and he's here to show you what a load of laughs it is to be a Knowall, too!

★

CHALLENGES

CAN YOU make FOUR triangles out of just SIX matches without bending or breaking any of them?

CAN YOU draw an oval with a pair of compasses?

CAN YOU make 100 out of any amount of 99's?

HERE IS HOW!

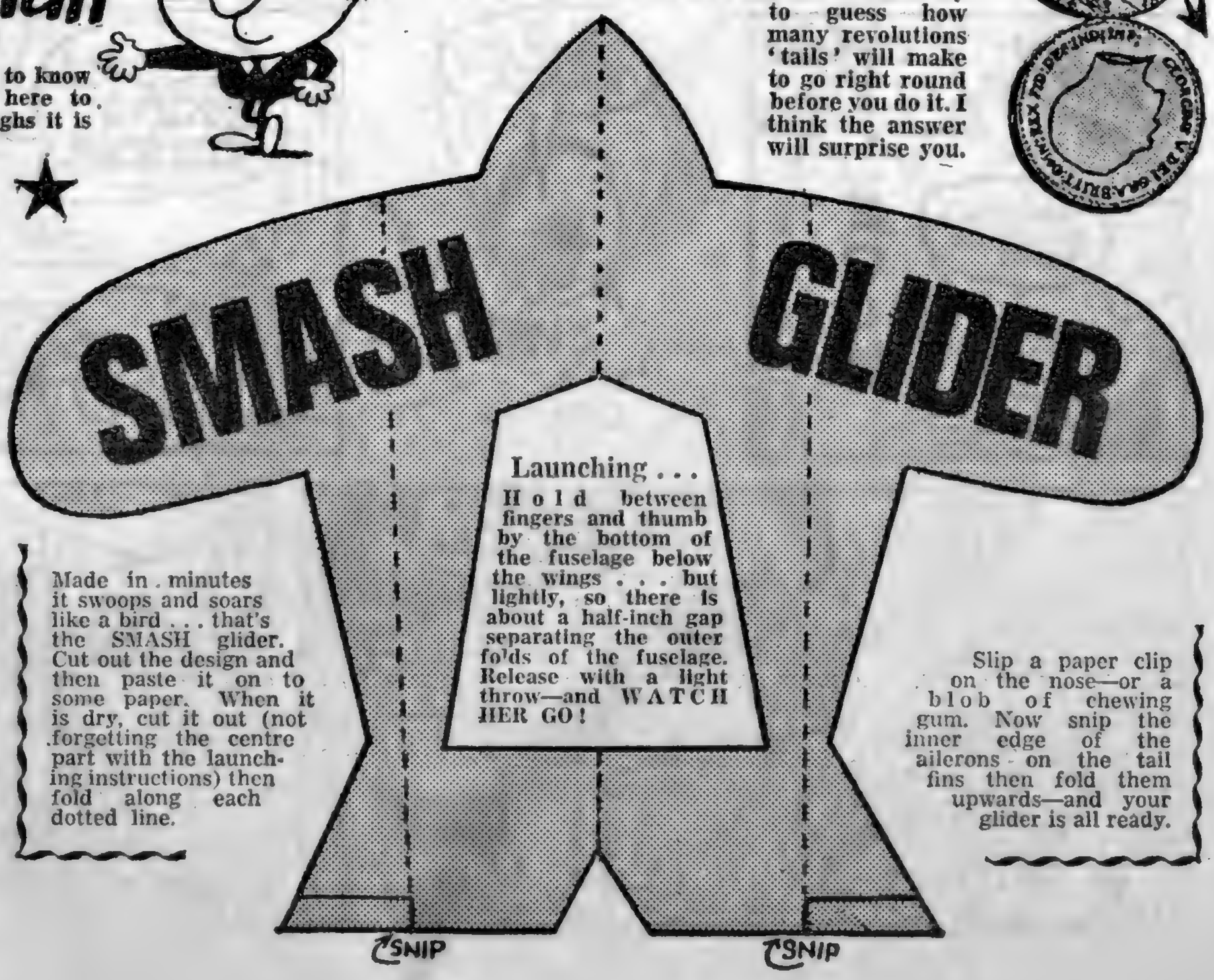
Lay three matches flat in the shape of a triangle—then build a pyramid out of the other three above it. Count . . . and you've got four triangles

Lay your paper over the roundness of a jar or tin. Then use your compass as though you were drawing a circle—and you'll get an oval instead.

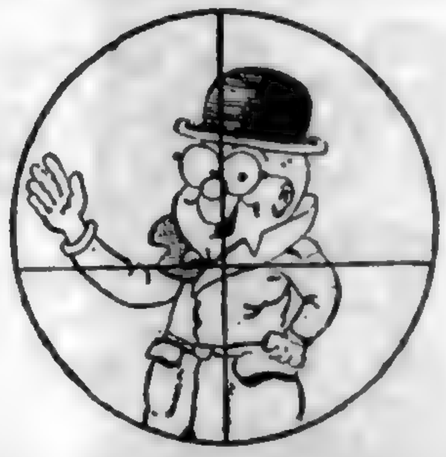
99×99+99÷99=100

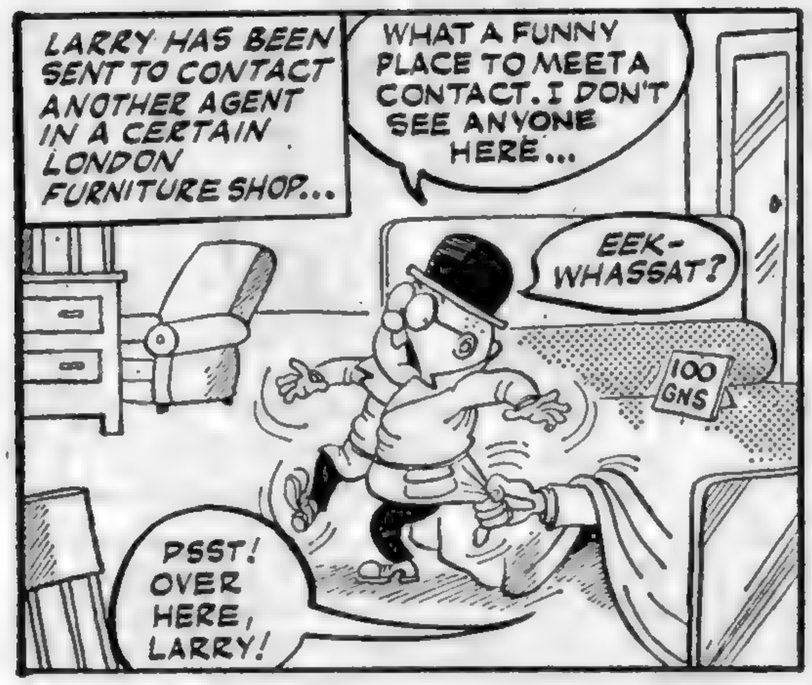
Run around

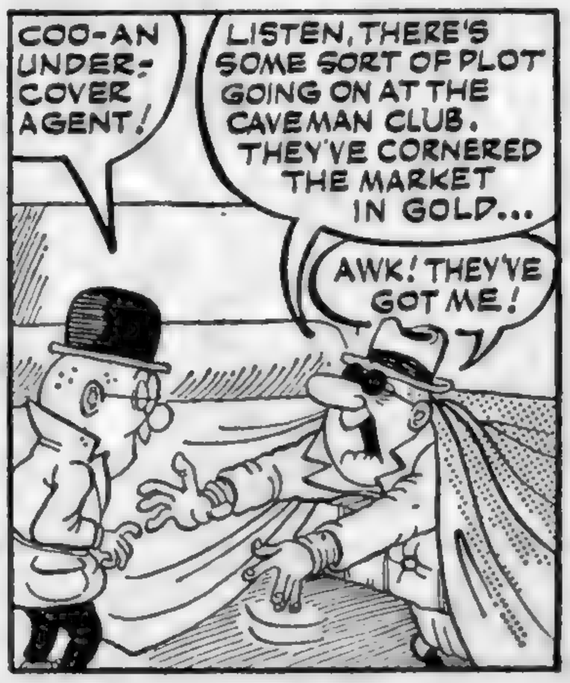
HERE are two pennies . . . one 'heads,' one 'tails.' Now, holding 'heads' firmly with one finger, run 'tails' completely round the rim of 'heads' . . . until it comes back to the point at which it started. But, hold on a minute . . . first try to guess how many revolutions 'tails' will make to go right round before you do it. I think the answer will surprise you.

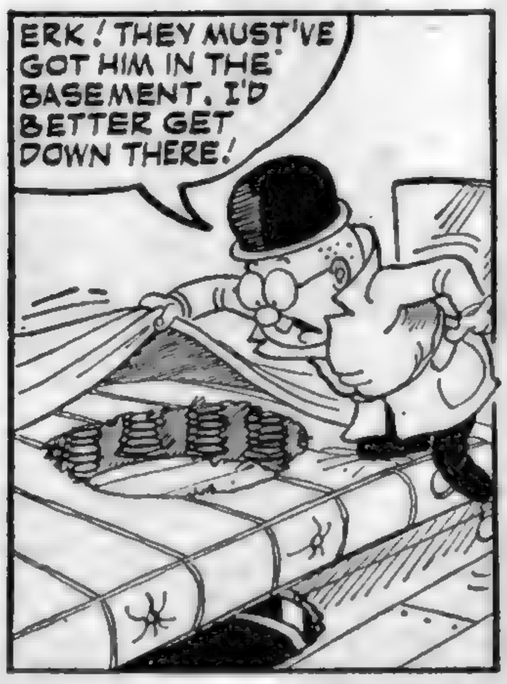


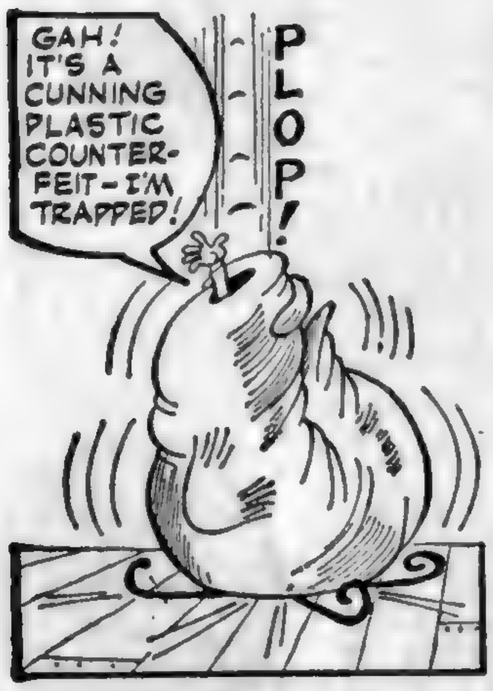
THE MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E.

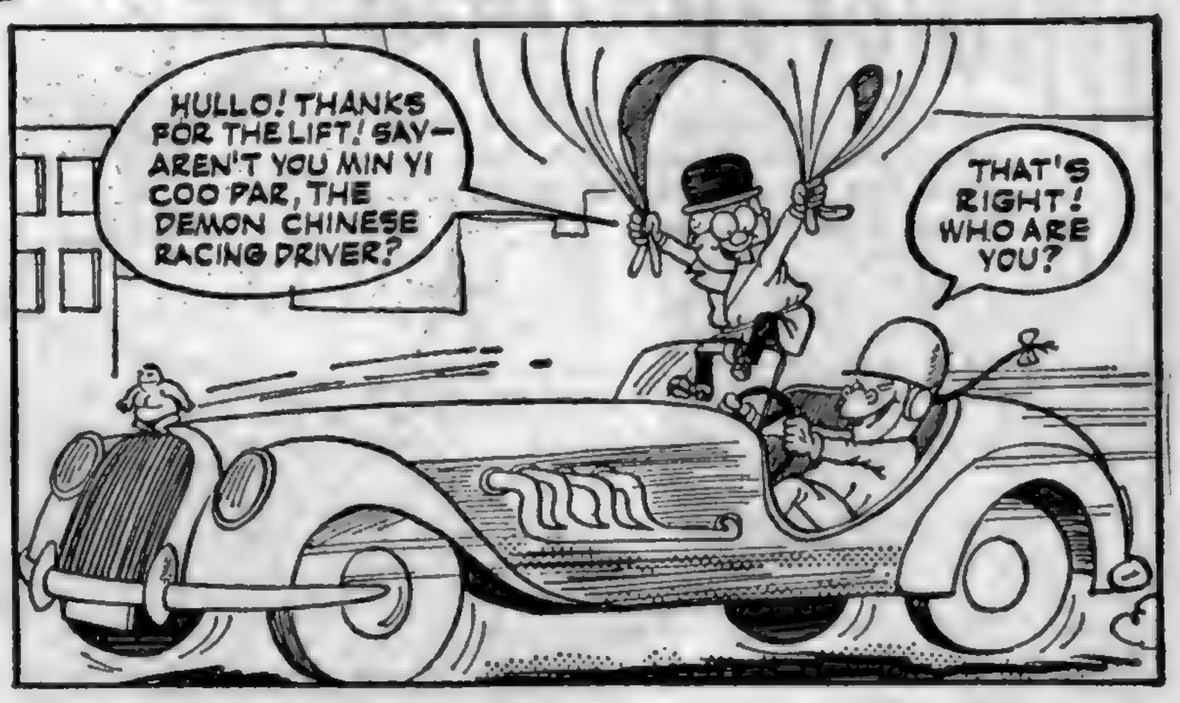


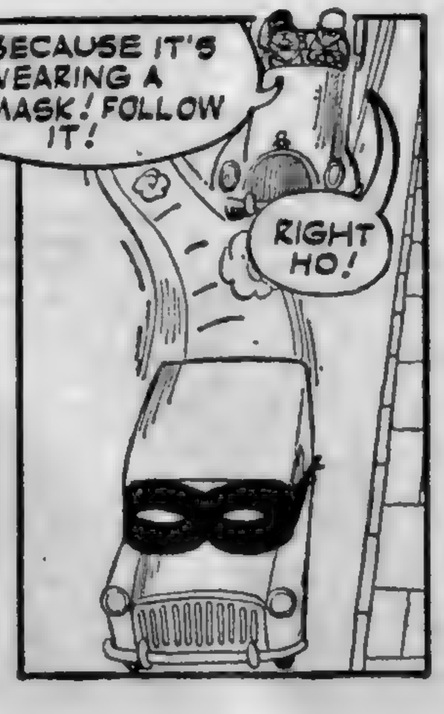






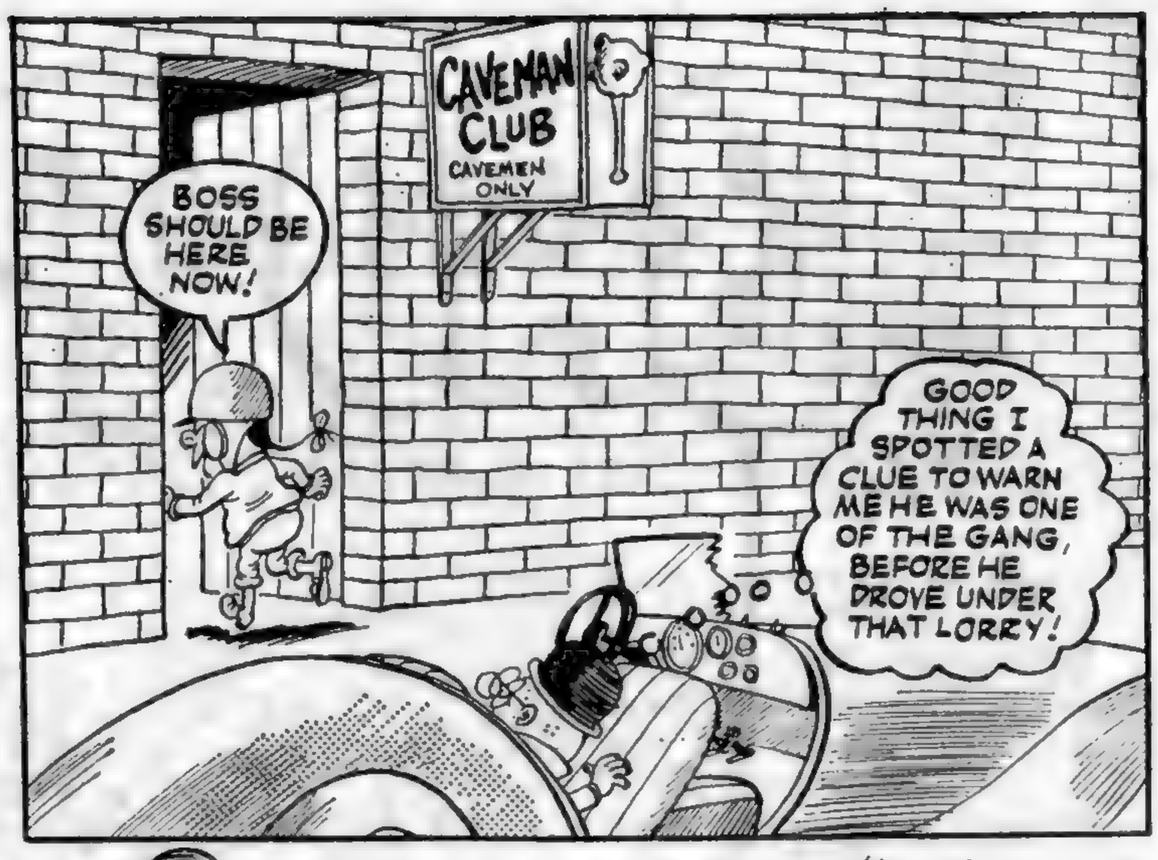






YAAAAGH!
SEE? I MADE IT!

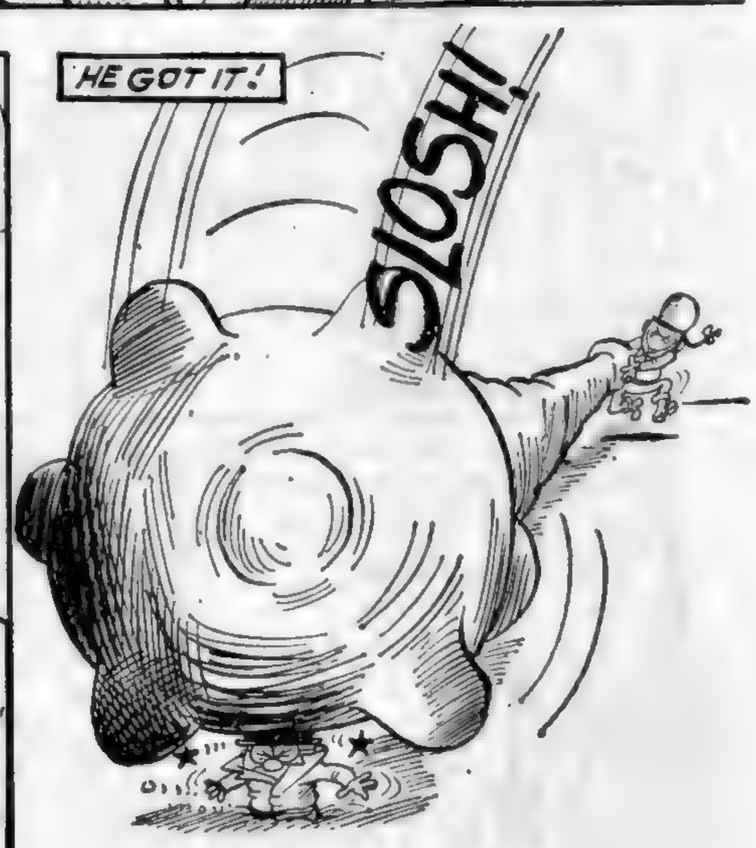
TEE! HEE! NOW CAN REPORT TO BOSS-MAN!


CAVEMAN CLUB
CAVEMEN ONLY
BOSS SHOULD BE HERE NOW!
GOOD THING I SPOTTED A CLUE TO WARN ME HE WAS ONE OF THE GANG, BEFORE HE DROVE UNDER THAT LORRY!

SLOSH!
THIS MINIATURE CLUB ON HIS KEY RING SHOWS MIN YI COO PAR HAS SOME CONNECTION WITH THE CAVE MAN CLUB. AN' I'VE HEARD OF BEING SLOSHED BY A CLUB, BUT NEVER ONE THAT WENT SLOSH ON ITS OWN... I THINK I'LL TAKE IT WITH ME!

NOW I'LL FIND OUT WHAT'S BEHIND ALL THIS.
YEAH - BUT WHAT'S THAT BEHIND YOU, LARRY?

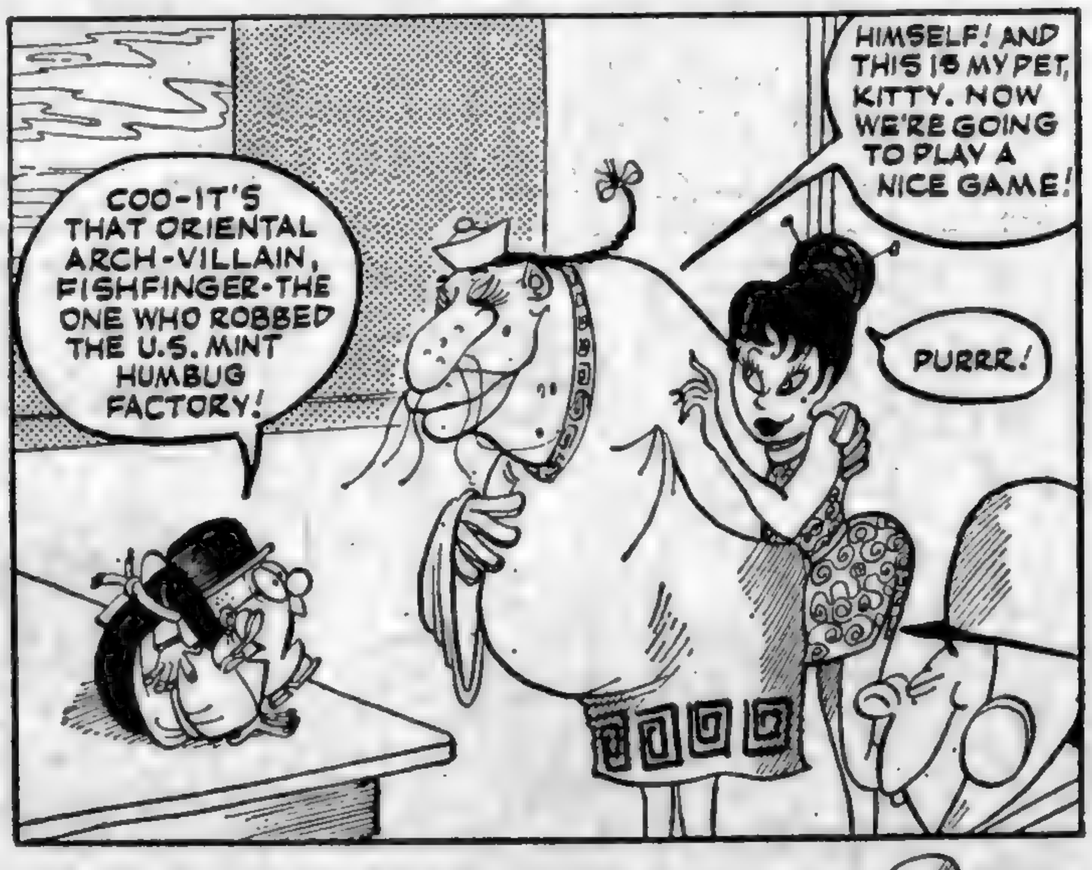
SWISH!
COO! I CAN SEE A BACK THAT LOOKS FAMILIAR, BUT I CAN'T QUITE MAKE OUT WHO... I'LL GET IT IN A MOMENT, THOUGH...


HE GOT IT!
SLOSH!

WHEN LARRY WAKES UP...
AH-SO, WELCOME TO THE CAVEMAN CLUB. NOW YOU'LL MEET THE BOSS!
URG! SORRY, I'M TOO BUSY JUST NOW. I'M ALL TIED UP WITH OTHER THINGS!

I COULD LEAVE YOU TO STRANGLE SLOWLY - VELLY PRETTY KNOTS, EH?
GASP!

BUT THE BOSS HAS A BETTER IDEA! HE'LL TELL YOU ALL ABOUT IT!
KICK!
OW!


COO-IT'S THAT ORIENTAL ARCH-VILLAIN, FISHFINGER-THE ONE WHO ROBBED THE U.S. MINT HUMBUG FACTORY!
HIMSELF! AND THIS IS MY PET, KITTY. NOW WE'RE GOING TO PLAY A NICE GAME!
PURRR!

I'LL GIVE YOU A SPORTING CHANCE. IF YOU LAND ON THE SINGLE 'O', YOU GO FREE!
WHAT IF I GET 'OO'?

THEN YOU'LL HAVE TO PLAY A GAME OF WATER POLO WITH MY LITTLE FRIENDS HERE — AND YOU'LL BE THE BALL!
ERG! I DON'T FEEL LIKE PLAYING GAMES!

OH, GO ON - HAVE ONE GO, JUST TO PLEASE ME! HEH-HEH-HEH!
IT'S ALL FUN AND GAMES BEING A B.U.N.G.L.E. AGENT! BUT DOES OUR INTREPID LARRY WIN THROUGH? FIND OUT NEXT WEEK!

BAD PENNY

ONE PENNY
1968

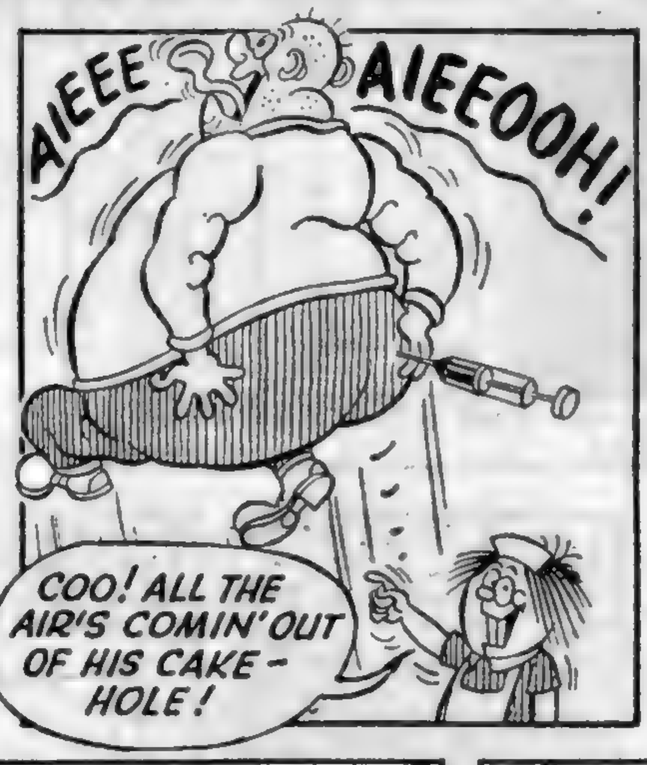
IT'S NOT MUCH FUN PLAYING AT NURSES IF YOU HAVEN'T GOT A PATIENT!

AARGH! MY C-CORN!!
CRASH!
ONE PATIENT COMIN' UP!

THERE... DOCTOR FINLAY COULDN'T HAVE DONE A BETTER JOB!
? ?

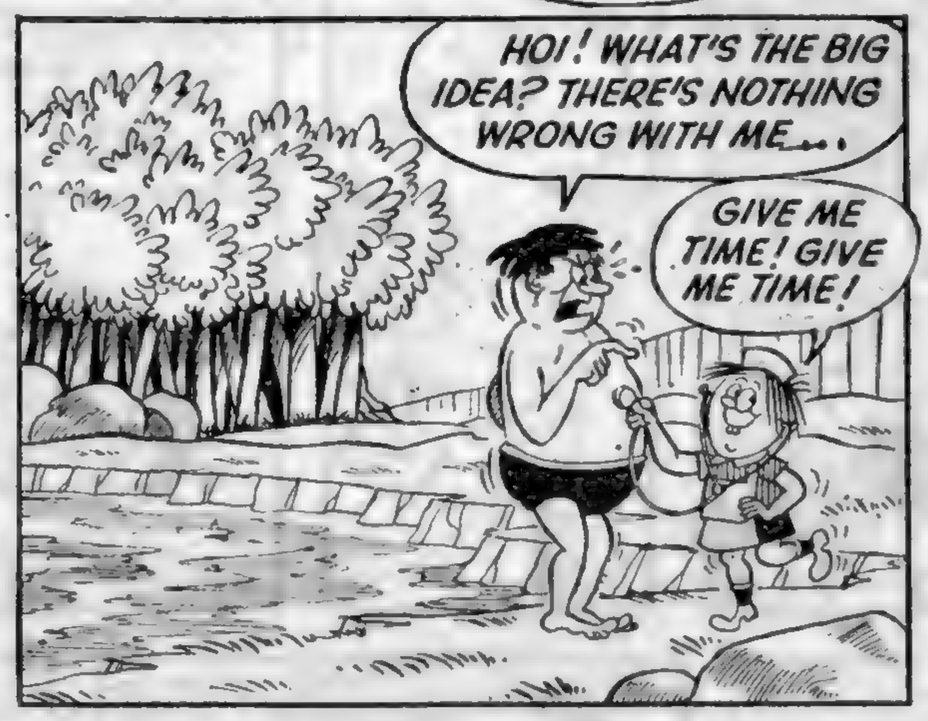
NOW TO INJECT SOME REAL FUN INTO THE GAME!

YOU'RE GETTIN' TOO FAT, MISTER! I'LL LET SOME AIR OUT FOR YOU!


AIEEE
AIEEOOH!
COO! ALL THE AIR'S COMIN' OUT OF HIS CAKE-HOLE!

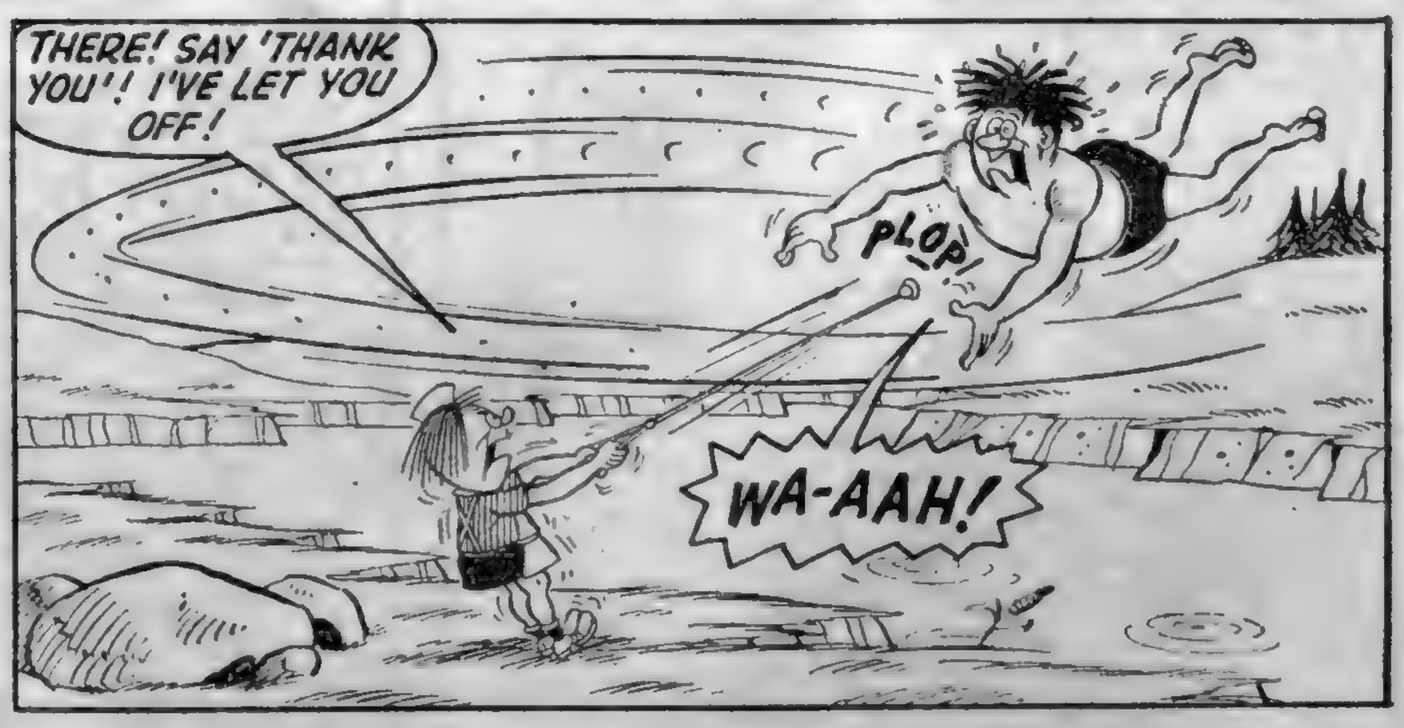
CRACK!

WHO'S NEXT?— TEE! HEE!
SICK SMILE.


HOI! WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA? THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH ME...
GIVE ME TIME! GIVE ME TIME!

GOSH! IT'S STUCK! IT WON'T COME OFF!
AARGH!
P-U-L-L!

WAAH!! THEY DON'T DO THIS IN EMERGENCY WARD TEN!


THERE! SAY 'THANK YOU'! I'VE LET YOU OFF!
PLOP!
WA-AAH!

SPLAT!

THOUGHT THERE WAS NOTHIN' WRONG WITH HIM — THAT'S A LAUGH!
BLEH!

WANTED
REPORTS ARE COMING IN THAT PENNY IS UP TO HER TRICKS AGAIN!
RIGHT, SARGE. I'LL INVESTIGATE.

HMMM... THAT'S A CLUE!
LIMP!
LIMP!

I'M GETTING WARM — THAT OINTMENT STILL SMELLS FRESH!

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE A COUPLE OF INCHES OFF YOUR FEET.? COPPERS' FEET ARE ALWARS TOO BIG!
YES! AND THEY'VE LED ME TO YOU!

GOTCHER!
ERK!

COO! YOU SHOULD BE IN HOSPITAL — YOUR TONGUE LOOKS AWFUL!
GROOOH!
PULL!

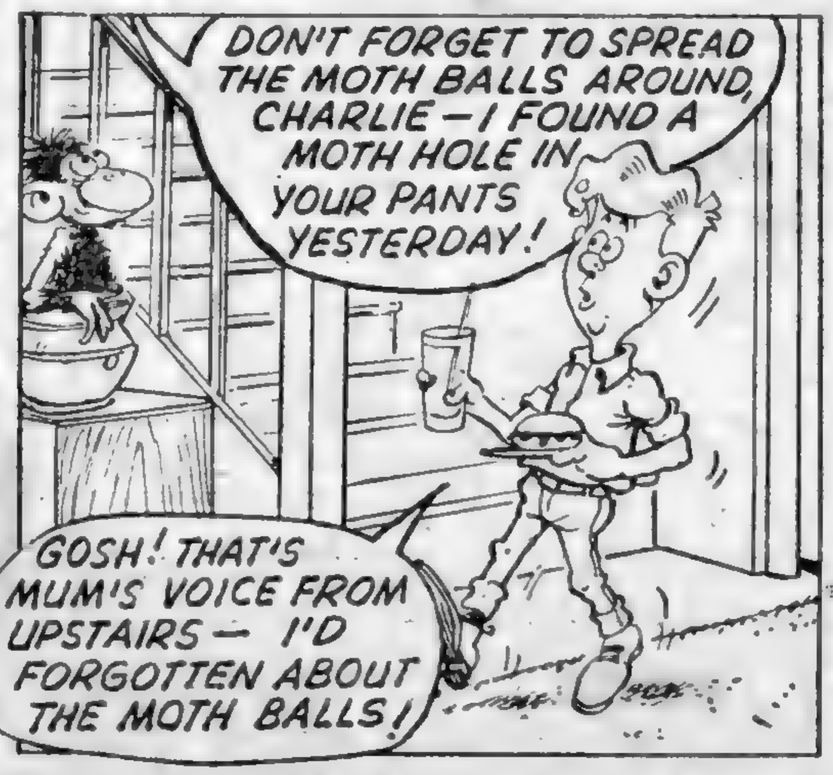
IT'S YOU WHO IS GOING TO BED, MY GIRL!
WA-AAH! PUT ME DOWN!

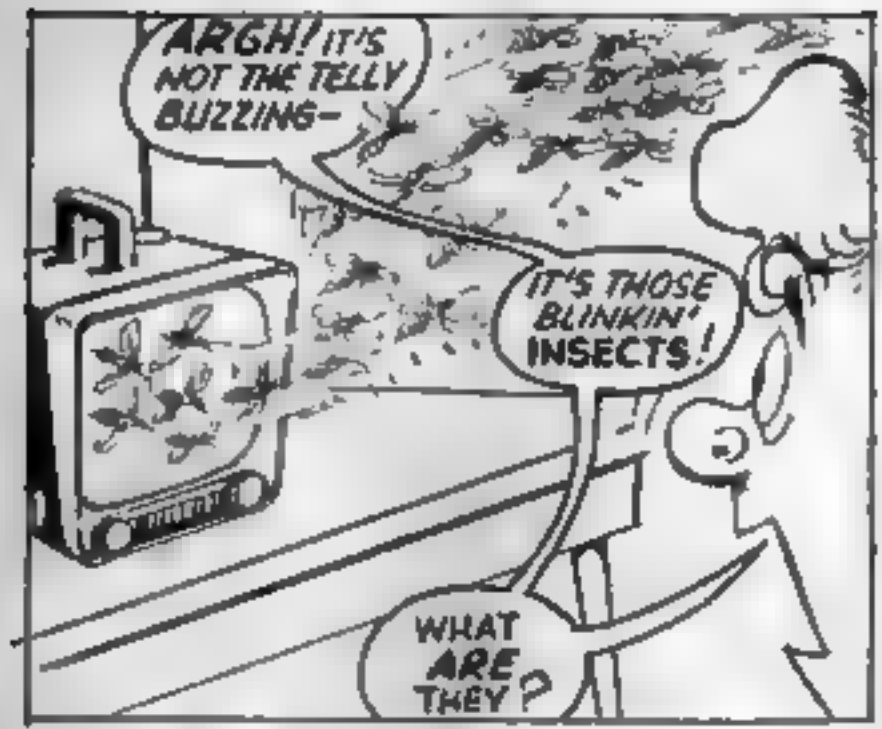
WELL — THAT'S THAT!

POLICE STATION
NO VISITORS
AND YOU WON'T NEED ANYONE TO BRING YOU FLOWERS — YOU'VE GOT PLENTY THERE!
A FLOWER BED! THAT'S WHERE HE'S PUT ME — AN' I CAN'T GET OUT! WAAH!

Charlie's Choice

THE TV SET WITH A DIFFERENCE...




ARGH! IT'S NOT THE TELLY BUZZING–
IT'S THOSE BLINKIN' INSECTS!
WHAT ARE THEY?

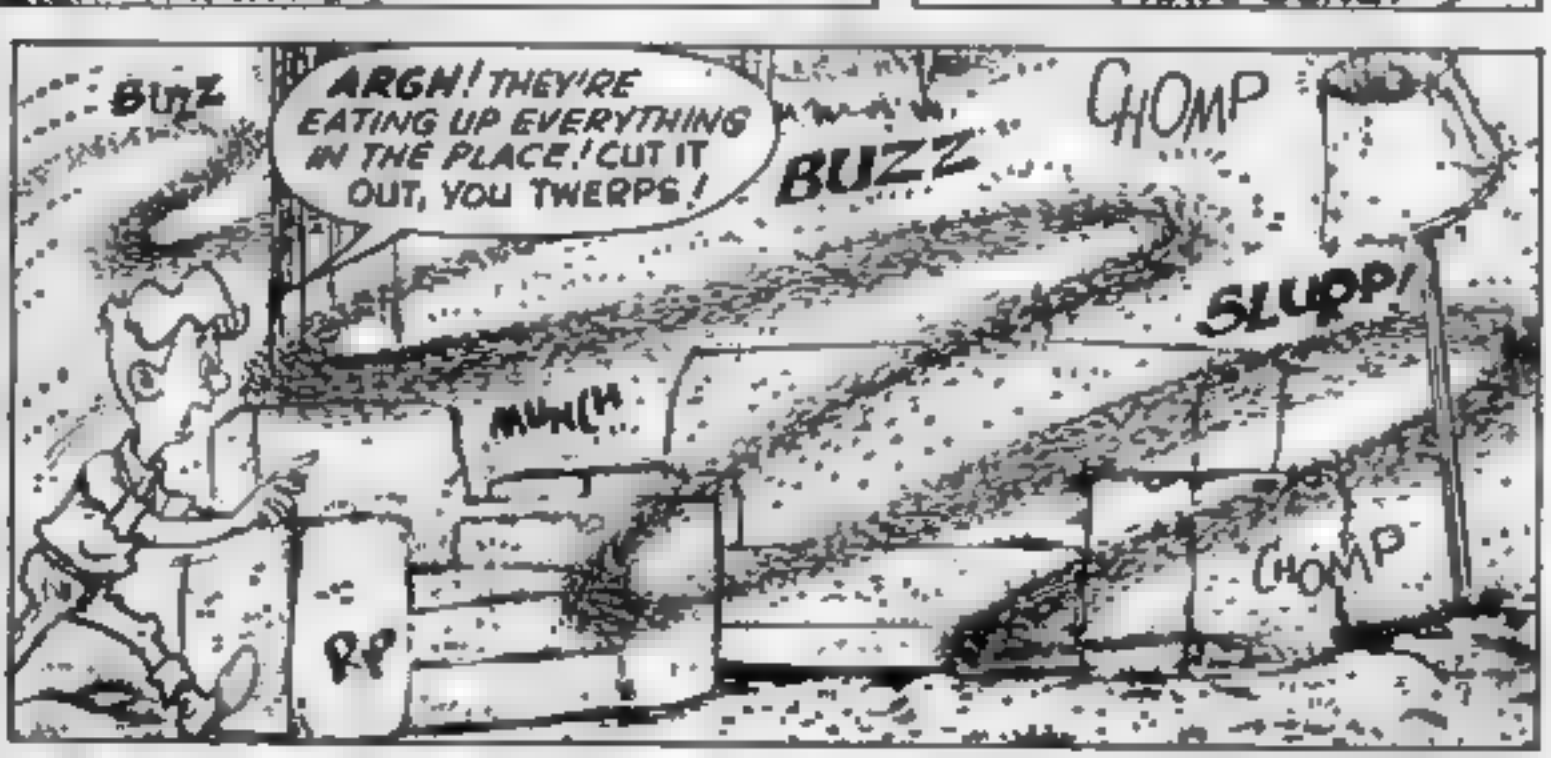
THEY'RE FLYING JUNGLE ANTS–THAT'S WHAT!

CORRECTION – WE'RE HUNGRY FLYING JUNGLE ANTS!

WAAH! BACK TO THE TELLY, BOYS!
GET BACK IN – BEFORE THEY START ON US!
HEY! MIND ME!
YEAH! THEY'LL EAT ANYTHING!

WH-WHAT HAPPENED? – ALL THE ANIMALS HAVE GONE!

RIP
CHOMP
MUNCH
NIBBLE

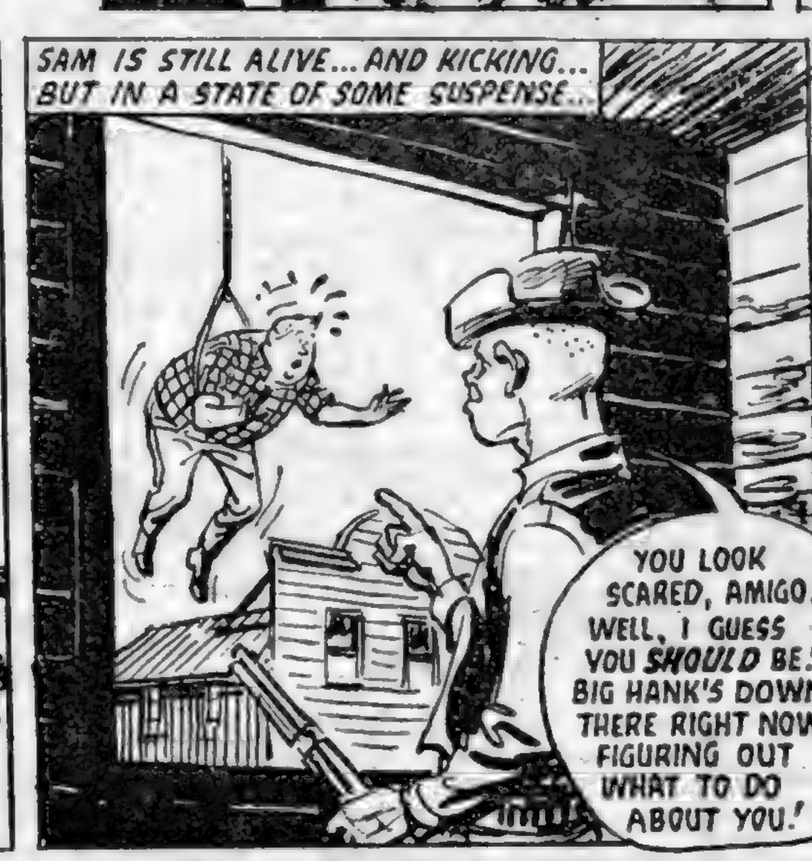

BUZZ
ARGH! THEY'RE EATING UP EVERYTHING IN THE PLACE! CUT IT OUT, YOU TWERPS!
BUZZ
CHOMP
SLUPP!
MUNCH
CHOMP
RP

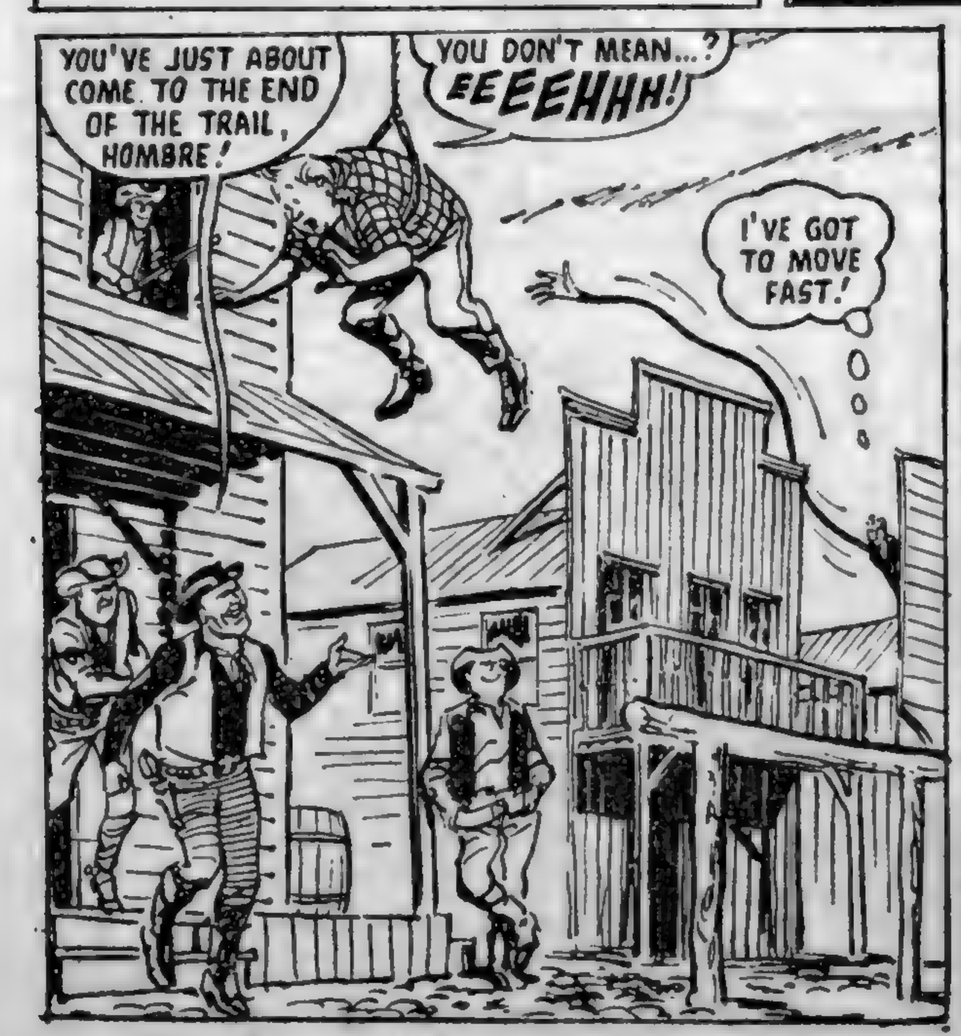
BURP! ENOUGH'S ENOUGH!
THAT LOT WAS DELICIOUS! – HIC!

I'LL JUST SEE HOW CHARLIE IS GETTING ON – I HOPE HE'S SPREAD THOSE MOTH BALLS AROUND. I HATE MOTH HOLES IN ANYTHING!
OH, NO!
NOW, MUM, DON'T GET MAD! IT WASN'T MY FAULT! – GULP!

IT'S THE RUBBER MAN!

SAM HUTT, RUBBERMAN'S PRIVATE EYE PARTNER, HAS BEEN CAPTURED BY OUTLAWS WHO SEEM TO HAVE STEPPED RIGHT OUT FROM THE TEXAS OLD WEST. RUBBERMAN IS FORCED TO TAKE PART IN A BANK RAID, IS CAPTURED BUT ESCAPES FROM THE LAW. HE RETURNS TO THE OUTLAW TOWN TO TRY TO RESCUE SAM...





Dear Alf and Cos,

I am a girl writing in defence of Rubberman. A lot of the boys who write seem to be in favour of scrapping him. Of course I realise Smash is mainly a male comic, but spare a thought for us girls who read it and please don't scrap Rubberman as I think he's cute. I think you should cut out some of the rubbish like Bad Penny and put in some stories of football with some dishy players. By the way, could you tell me if Cos is short for something else and if so what? I'm rather fascinated by it.

Diana Forsyth,
Aberdeen.

You like the right things for the wrong reasons, seems to us! Fancy fancying Rubberman because he's *cute!* That's the last thing he set out to be, we'd bet! Come to think about it, that's the last thing Cos is, too—cute or fascinating!

Alf.

Dear Alf and Cos,

If Daredevil and Batman's secret identities are disclosed in Smash every week, the villains and villainesses will soon find out their identities!

Brian Wallace,
Buxton, Derbyshire.

The villains don't read Smash. Only the good guys.

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

I think Smash is the greatest comic going —so many stories for so little a price! It is very popular round these parts, and since the barber put his son's Smash comics out, he's had more boy customers than ever before!

Roger Horn,
Croydon.

Why don't some of these youngsters spend the haircut money on Smashes of their own? Long hair is the in thing, anyway. (But don't quote *us* if you get in an argument with Dad or your teacher!)

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

In Smash 121 Bad Penny took a bath outside her house, then later it was seen full of water. How could she fill it with water when the water main was not fixed to the bath?

David Brooks,
Birmingham.

Now, that's a good question, David! Pity we can't think of a good answer!

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

Why does Bad Penny always lose? It isn't fair. Also one week you showed Tuffy McGrew running away from his father. Why didn't Tuffy threaten him, since he's the strongest boy in the world? In spite of this I still think that Smash is the greatest.

Ronnie Coleman,
Dagenham.

Hit his DAD? You must be joking!

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

One day, as the paper boy put our Smash through the letter box, my brother grabbed it, ran into the living room and began to read it. Just after, there was a knock on the front door, and when we went to it the paper boy said very angrily: "Next time, please wait till I have got your paper through the letter box before you grab it, because you caught my fingers in the letter box!"

Margaret Crowley,
Broadstairs, Kent.

Now *that's* what we call enthusiasm!

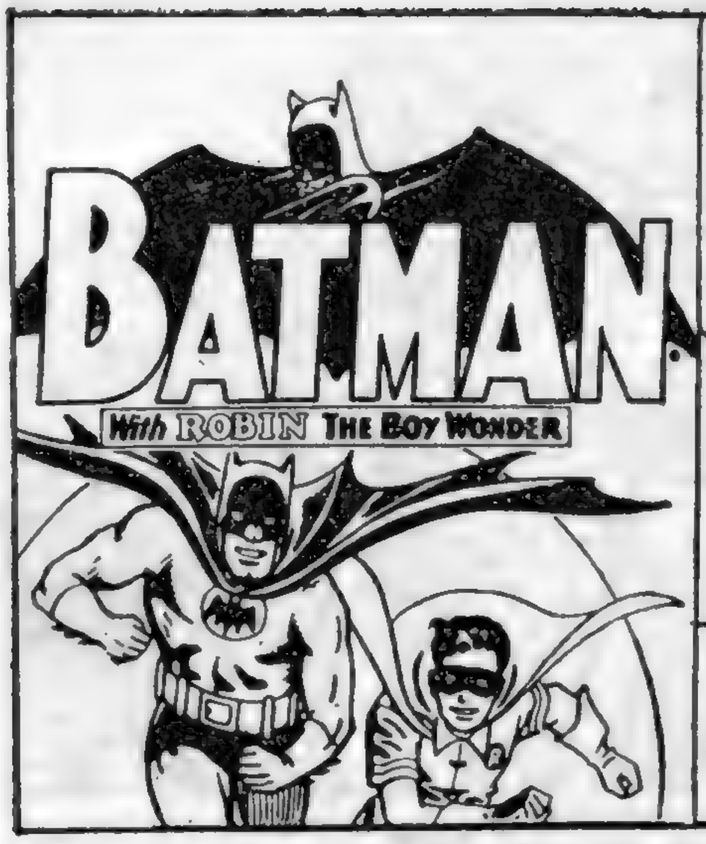
Alf and Cos.

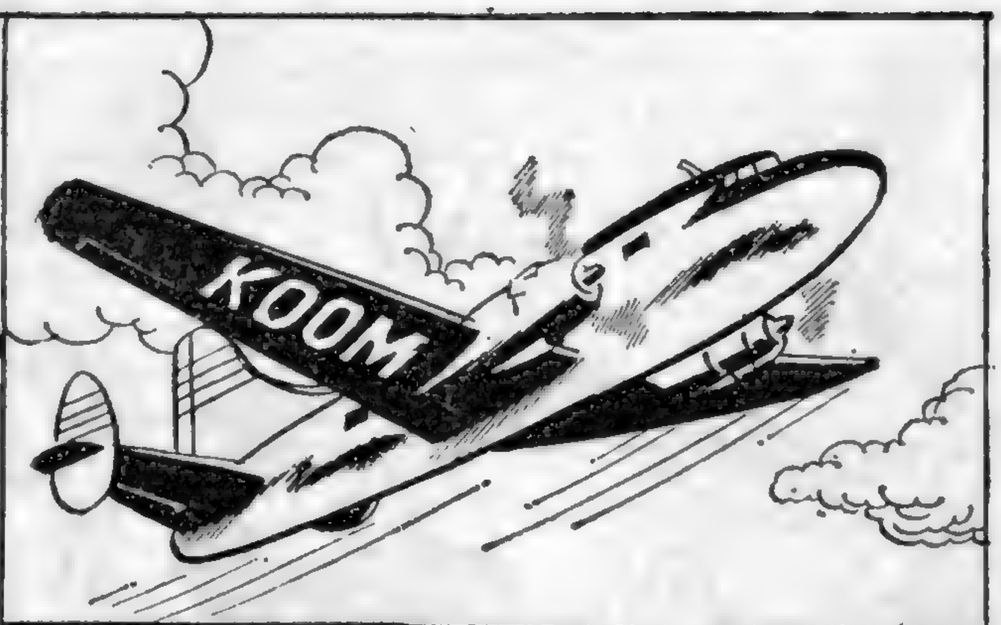
DON'T FORGET THE COUPON!

My favourite feature in Smash is .....

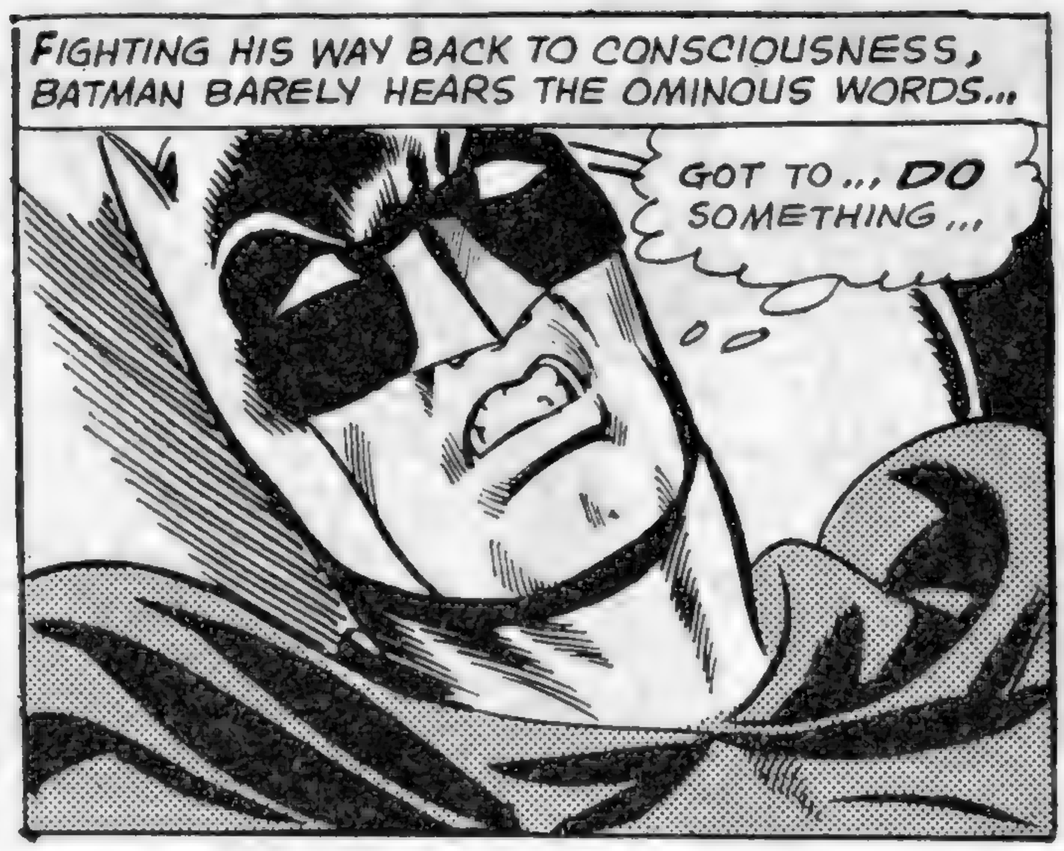
My second favourite feature in Smash is .....

Send the coupon with your letters to: Alf and Cos, SMASH, 64 Long Acre, London, W.C.2.





BATMAN, UNCONSCIOUS, HAS BEEN SMUGGLED ABOARD TYRONE KOOM'S PRIVATE PLANE BY GANGSTER "PRETTY BOY" FLOY AND HIS HENCHMAN, "APE"...



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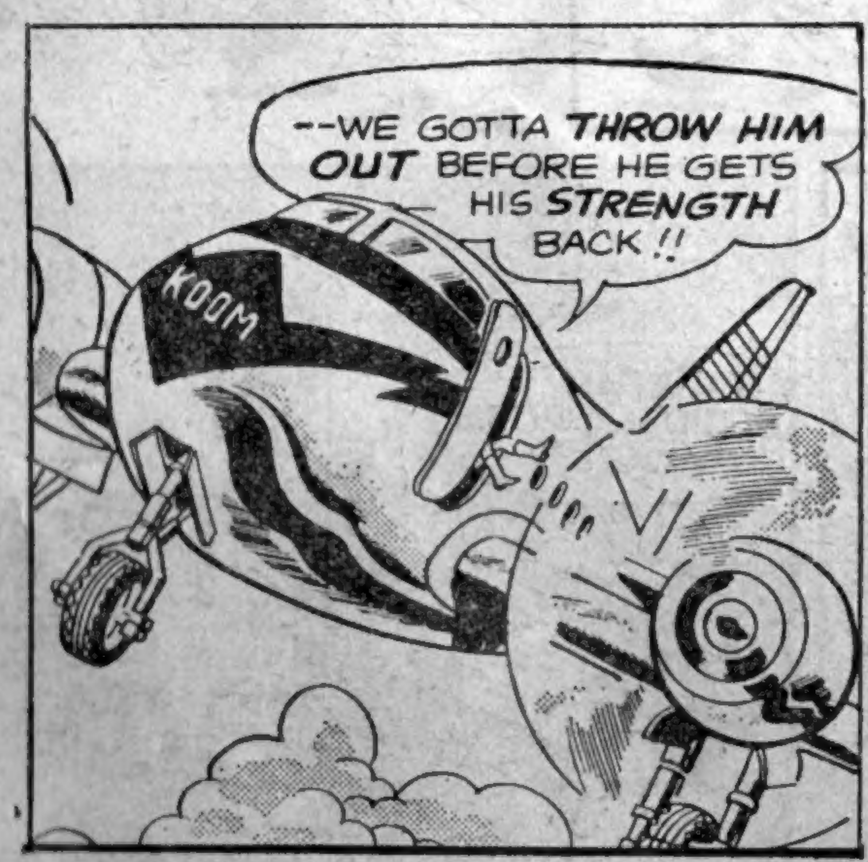


THE NERVS

OUT YOU GO! I'M FED UP WITH YOU PINCHING GRUB ALL DAY LONG!
WAAHH! DO YOU WANT ME TO STARVE TO DEATH ?!

BAH! MUMS HAVE GOT NO FEELING, BUT I HAVE—AN EMPTY ONE — IT'S HORRIBLE!

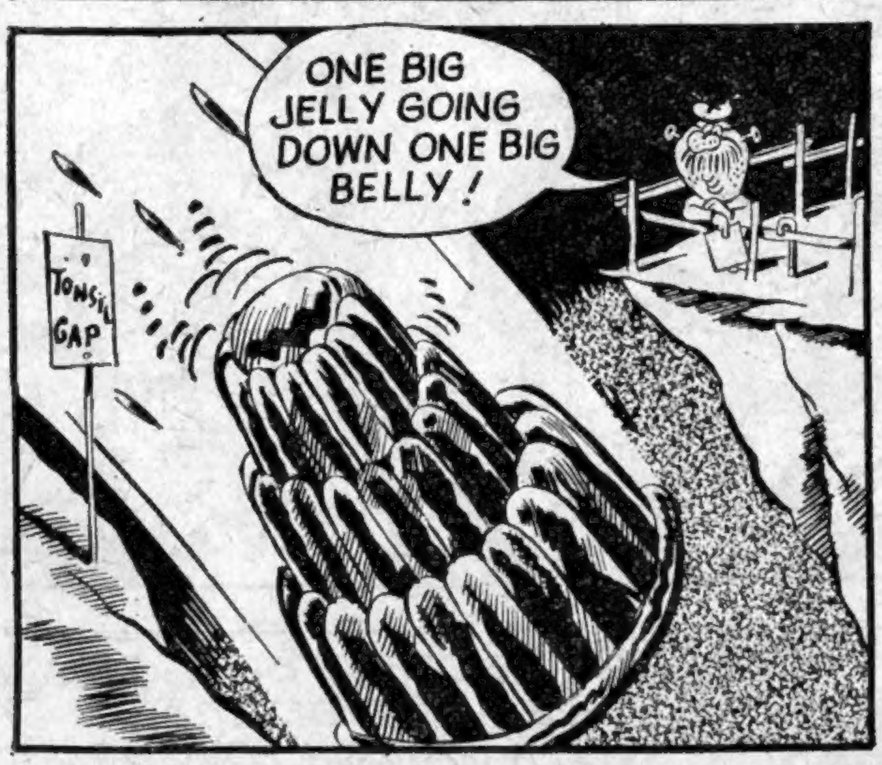
HEH! HEH! I'M NOT BEATEN YET — I THINK I'LL ORGANISE A STICK-UP!

FIRE!

SPLOT!

ARGH! THE FAT FOOL HAS FILCHED THE JELLY!
TUG!

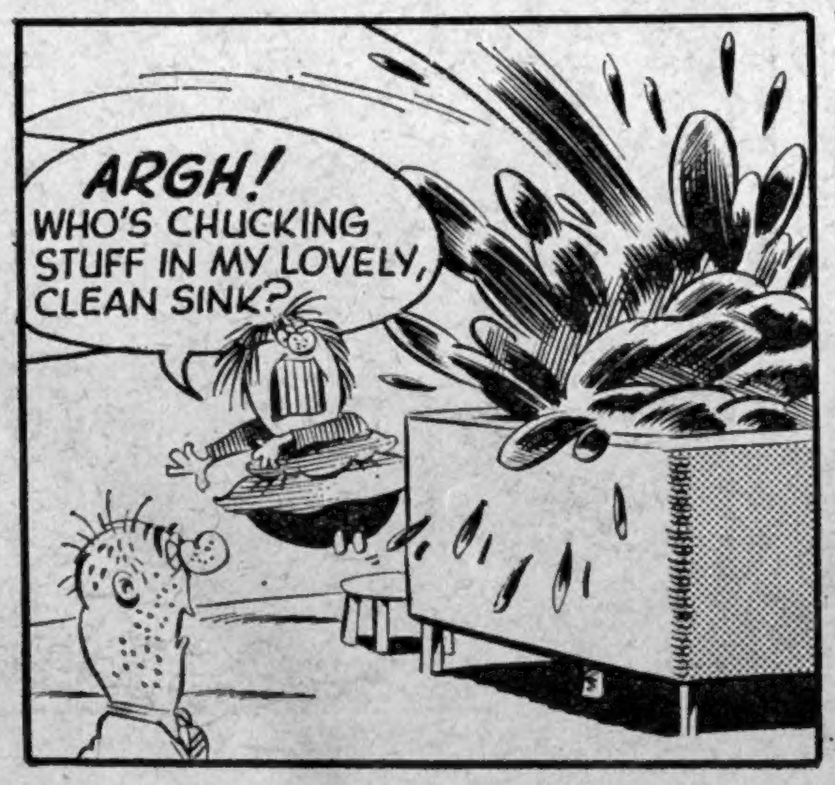
I GIVE UP!
SHLUP!


ONE BIG JELLY GOING DOWN ONE BIG BELLY!
TONSIL GAP

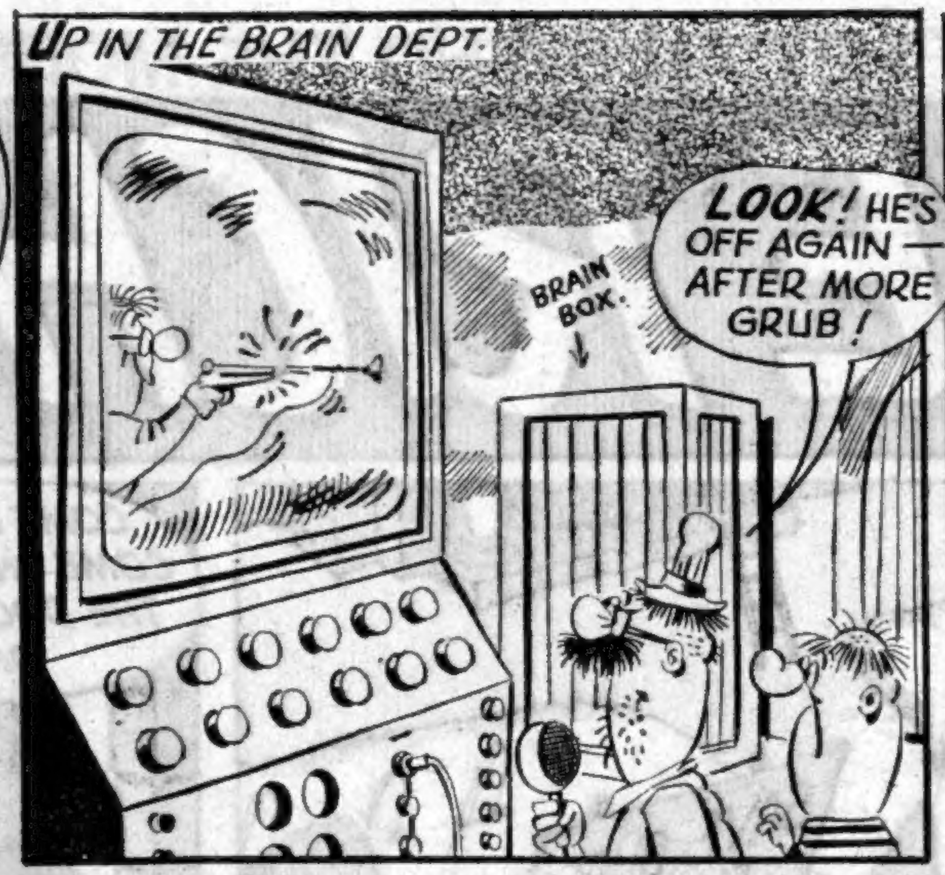
GRRR! IT'S IMPOSSIBLE FOR US TO CLEAR THIS LOT UP—YOU CAN'T GET HOLD OF JELLY!
WHO'D BE A TUM NERV?—BAH!

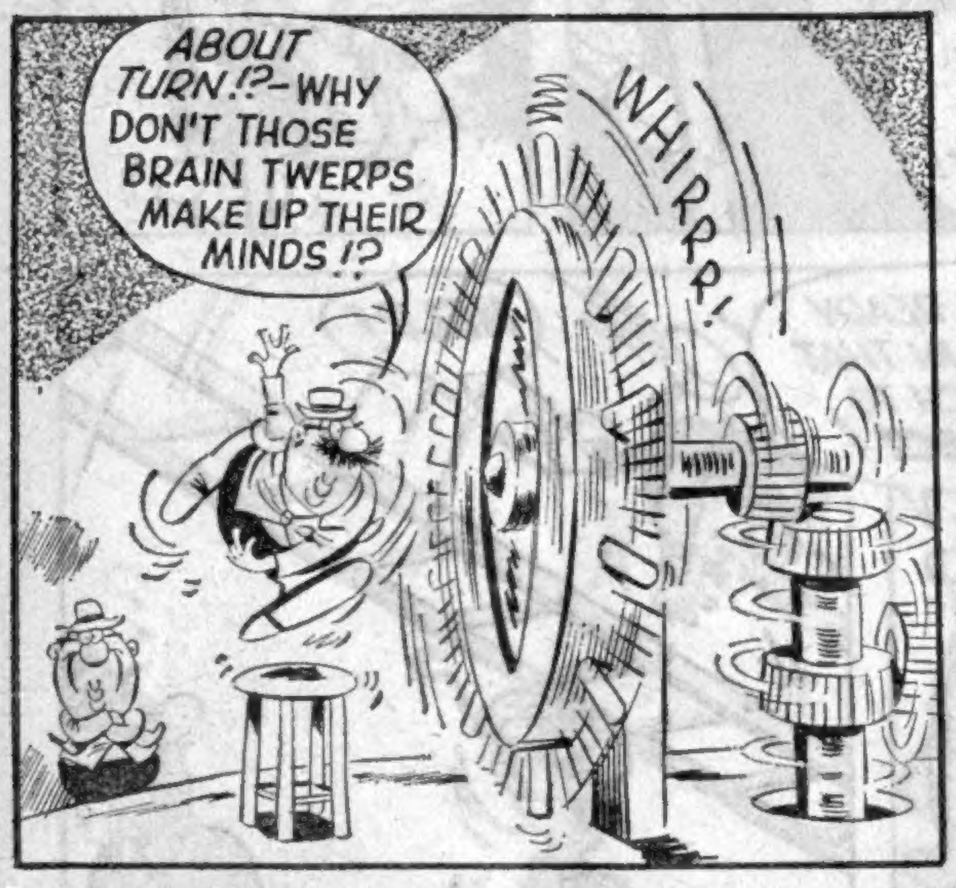
GANGWAY! I'VE MANAGED TO GRAB A PIECE!

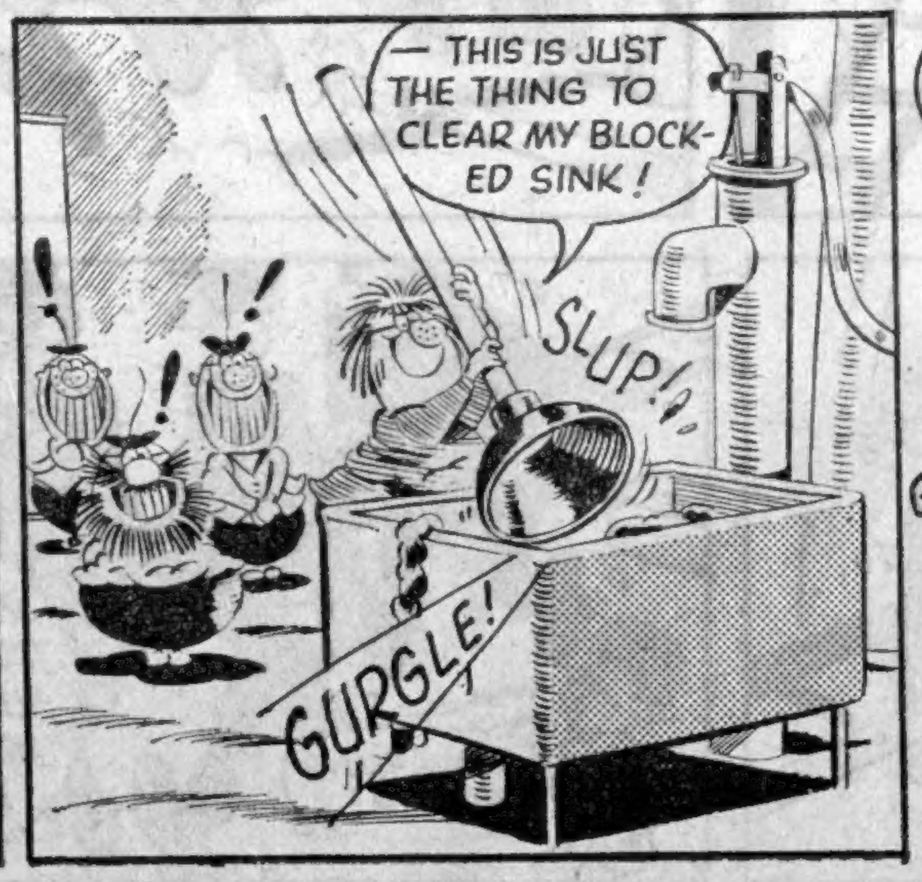
SLOOSH!
ER—I RECKON I SPOKE TOO SOON!


ARGH! WHO'S CHUCKING STUFF IN MY LOVELY, CLEAN SINK?

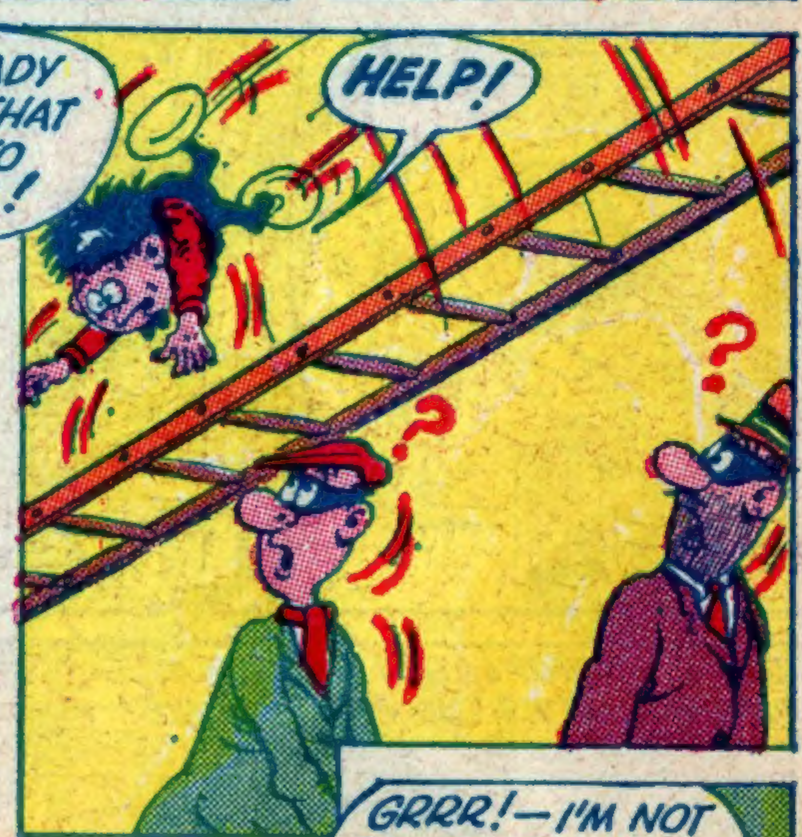
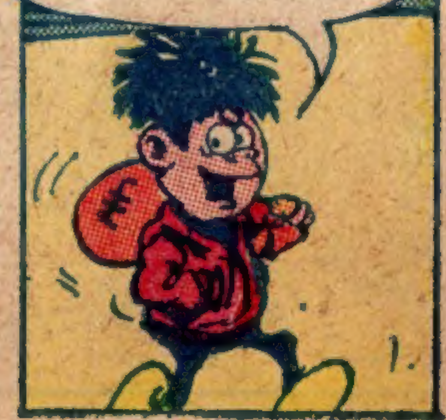
IT WAS AN ACCIDENT, ROSIE — HONEST!
FUME!







AND THAT'S HOW ROSIE MADE A SUCKER OUT OF FATTY!

HE'LL INHERIT A MILLION—IF HE CAN SPEND THE MONEY HE'S GOT..

RONNIE RICH